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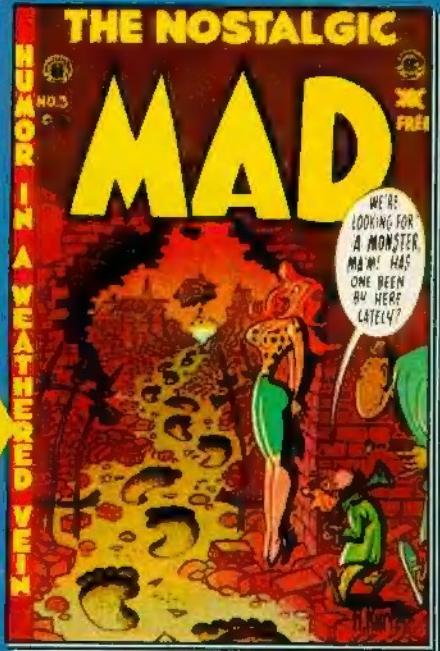
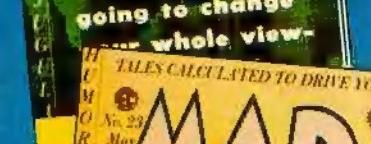
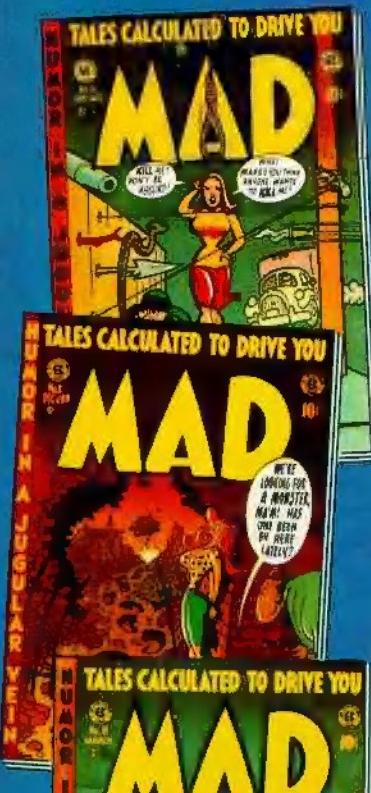
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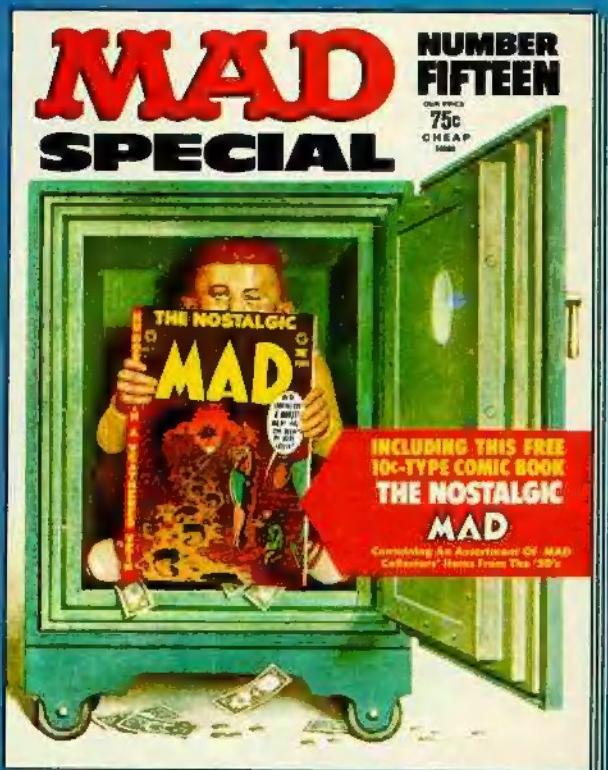


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—Alfred E. Neuman

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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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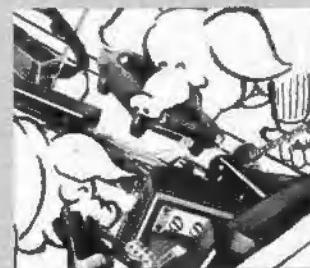
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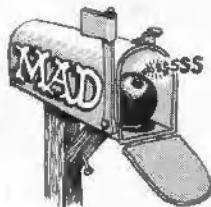
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LETTERS DEPT.



THE ZING

If "The Zing" isn't your greatest satire, it's close enough.

Tony Bill
Producer "The Sting"
Hollywood, Calif.

I saw the movie, "The Sting," but your version was so confusing, I had to read it twice before I put it back on the store rack.

Eugenio King
Baton Rouge, La.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOKE?

Recently, I visited MAD Magazine's office to give them a laugh. I dressed up like William M. Gaines, Publisher of MAD, by stuffing a pillow in my shirt and wearing a beard, wig and glasses. I had a lot of fun and may even go back again, in the guise of Alfred E. Neuman. I am the one on the right.

Aaron Fricke
Cumberland Hill, RI



Gaines & Fricke—Mammoth and Mite

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MINGO'S "BIG CON" COVER

Norman Mingo's "The Big Con" cover is a justifiable "insult" added to "infamy"!

Paul Nichols
New York, N.Y.

The cover of your "Big Con" issue is as much of an American classic in its shameful reference as "Washington Crossing The Delaware" is in its patriotic reference.

Kevin Crisler
Patchogue, N.Y.

Let me make this perfectly clear: Norman Mingo is a genius!

Brian Leibowitz
Harrison, N.Y.

The Mingo cover "The Big Con" was only outdone by your "Poor Richard's Almanac," which was only outdone by your spoof "The Zing," which was only outdone by its subtle visual truism of "Scott Joplin—Music; Marvin Hammish—Exploiter," which was only outdone by the biggest "con" of all, your new inflated price! I always thought your magazine was too much; now I know it's too much!

Joel Rosenkrantz
Flushing, N.Y.

MAD didn't raise the price of MAD; inflation did!—Ed.

YOU'VE REACHED APATHY

You know "You Have Reached A State Of Apathy When..." you receive "Modern Funeral Parlors" instead of MAD, and you don't notice any difference!

Paul Sundick
Great Neck, N.Y.

"Apathy" . . . when you go to a well-stocked magazine rack and you pick MAD.

Chris Fleming
Rockville, Md.

"Apathy" . . . when newsdealers still carry MAD after 171 issues.

Mark Siegel
Beverly Hills, Calif.

BIBLE RAVE

God'll get you for that "Bible Rave"!

Janet James
Philippi, W.Va.

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William M. Gaines, Publisher

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

Mr. Silverstone has just dealt the final fatal blow to the wooden stake with his excellent satire, "Poor Richard's Almanac." It was a perfect sequel to "Malice In Wonderland," issue #163.

O. M. Nierstrasz
Toronto, Canada

LIGHTER SIDE OF DIETING

Dave Berg's "Lighter Side Of Dieting" was such a side-splitter, it took three inches off my waist!

Thomas Casale
Chappaqua, N.Y.

I would suggest that any one planning to diet read Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Dieting." It made me so sick, I couldn't eat for a week.

Tony Long
Crawfordsville, Ind.

THE MAD CRISIS PRIMER

After reading "The MAD Crisis Primer" by Stan Hart and Paul Coker, Jr., I won't laugh any more when the old man across the way comes outside with his gas mask and gloves to walk his cellophane-covered mutt!

Mark Paalman
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Regarding Stan Hart's "Crisis Primer," I can't wait until the "Paper Crisis." There won't be anything to print MAD on anymore!

Steve Henry
Bonita, Calif.

Stan Hart forgot to mention the "Humor Crisis" which was so apparent in his stupid "Crisis Primer"!

Mark Schneider
Barrington, Ill.

THE ROOKERS

"The Rookers" was excellent. Once again, Dick De Bartolo and Angelo Torres did some nice "police work!"

David Willis
Warwick, RI

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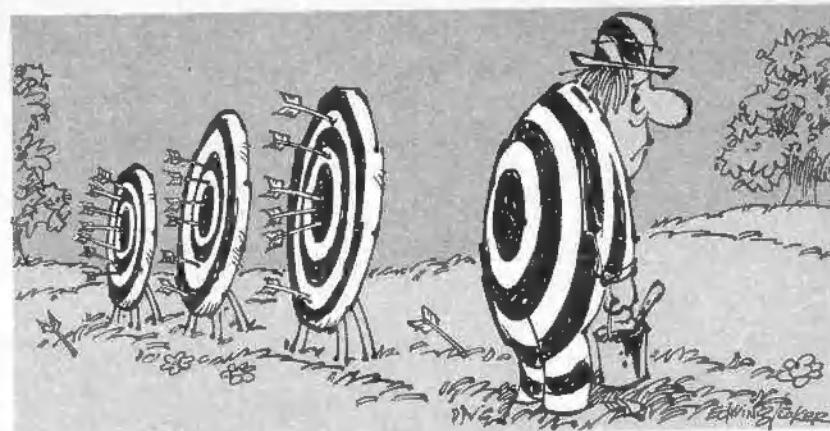
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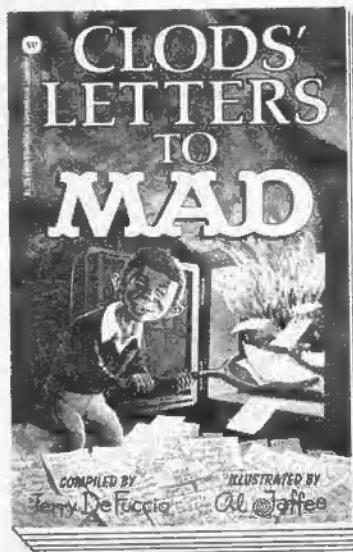
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SPACED OUT!

Yep, the orders for these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid, (suitable for framing or training puppies) are spaced out at such long intervals (like a week apart), that we're blowing our minds... trying to figure out how to get rid of them. So help us to get this freak out of our stock room by mailing in your 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



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CHINESE WATER TORTURE DEPT.

Recently, some of the big creative brains in Hollywood decided to revive the old-fashioned "Private Eye Mystery Movie!" At least, that's what the publicity releases about the picture say. Actually, the only old-fashioned things about this picture are the clothes and the cars! The rest is very "today" . . . complicated, long-winded and dull! And the hero? Well, he's a . . .



Chin

Mr. Burley, I have bad news for you! My boys and I have tailed your wife . . . and these photos tell you all you want to know!

Now . . . here's a shot of her making out with her lover in a 1936 Packard!

Oh . . . no!

And here they are, fooling around at a Marx Brothers movie!

Not that! Please . . .

Here they are messing around in a hotel room during one of Pres. Roosevelt's radio speeches!

I can't stand it anymore!!

This was taken at the San Francisco World's Fair . . .

STOP!! That's ENOUGH!

I'm really sorry, Mr. Burley! I know it's tough to find out that your wife is fooling around with another man!

I don't CARE about that! It's THIS! Don't tell me this is gonna be another 1930's MOVIE!! My God, how much more nostalgia can America TAKE???



a clown

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Let me explain the movie business to you! In the old days, good stories and fine acting were important! But today, it's more than that! Today, you MUST fill the screen with 40-year-old fashions, antique furniture and old cars! Understand?

Sure! I get it! In other words, today people are paying good money for JUNK!!

Right!

But this film's gonna be different! It's gonna be a real old fashioned "Private Eye Movie!" It takes place in Los Angeles in the late 30's... and I'm Joke Giddy, Private Eye!

Big deal! If you're a Private Eye, what's your gimmick? All them old-fashioned shamuses had shticks!

I know! Humphrey Bogart owned "tough" ... William Powell owned "suave" ... Brian Donlevy owned "short!" So I needed something NEW! And here it is! My shtick is "Snappy Dressing!"

You've heard of the "Fastest GUN in the West?"



Mr. Giddy, I want you to get the goods on my Husband! He's fooling around with another woman! Perhaps you've heard of him—Horace Mulebray, the Chief Engineer with the Los Angeles Water Dept.?

Wow! A case dealing with the Water Dept. and Reservoirs and Inside Doings in the City Government! What a dynamite plot for a Private Eye movie! William Powell never had anything like it!

No... DICK Powell did! He solved it in a Busby Berkeley Musical!

As you can see, Los Angeles is in the midst of severe water crisis! There's nothing we can do! The city is in trouble!

We can't! We're operating on a shoestring! We have no money, no material and no personnel! We can't even build a DAM!

You're exaggerating! How about putting up more reservoirs??

Why not? Our beaver is sick!

Now, that's trouble!!



And now, to tell us more about our water system, here is Chief Engineer, Horace Mulebray—

It's about time! Now, I'll finally get a chance to see this dynamic swinger in the flesh! I wonder who he's fooling around with . . . ? A chorus girl? A fan dancer . . . ?

Hi, there, all you Water Department fans . . .
A middle-aged mah jongg player?

As you know, the volume of storage in our reservoirs is expressed in millions of cubic meters—
Grandma Moses??

Can you remember the last time you had so much fun . . . ?
I think it was in June, when I had a hernia operation!

Hey, look what's running down the aisle of this water Department hearing!

I can't believe it!!
... 53
... 54
... 55
SHEEP!!

Boy, our Director is brilliant . . . !
Yeah! What a switch! Having the audience count sheep to STAY AWAKE!!



This case is getting more puzzling by the minute! All those unanswered questions!!

Exactly who is Mulebray fooling around with?

How come he's secretly inspecting all of the reservoirs?

Why am I walking through a dry river bed in a tuxedo?

Shouldn't I be wearing a white dinner jacket in the afternoon?



Joke . . . I found the broad Mulebray is fooling around with!

Good work, Daffy! Let's tail the old codgers for a month and get plenty of pictures! We'll take our time, and do the job right!

She's a gorgeous 20-year-old blonde!
Quick! Grab the camera! He may not live through another night!



Well, the papers are full of the scandal I uncovered! But the case isn't really solved yet! There's some connection between Mulebray, the blonde, and the water shortage! Yep, there's one small piece to this puzzle that's missing!

If I could find it, everything would fall into place!

Mr. Giddy, I am Mrs. Horace Mulebray! The REAL Mrs. Horace Mulebray! I never hired you to check up on my Husband! I love him, and he loves me, and I'm going to sue you for libel, slander, defamation of character and—

No . . . that's not it!!

If you're the REAL Mrs. Mulebray, why did that woman hire me to prove your Husband is messing around like crazy?

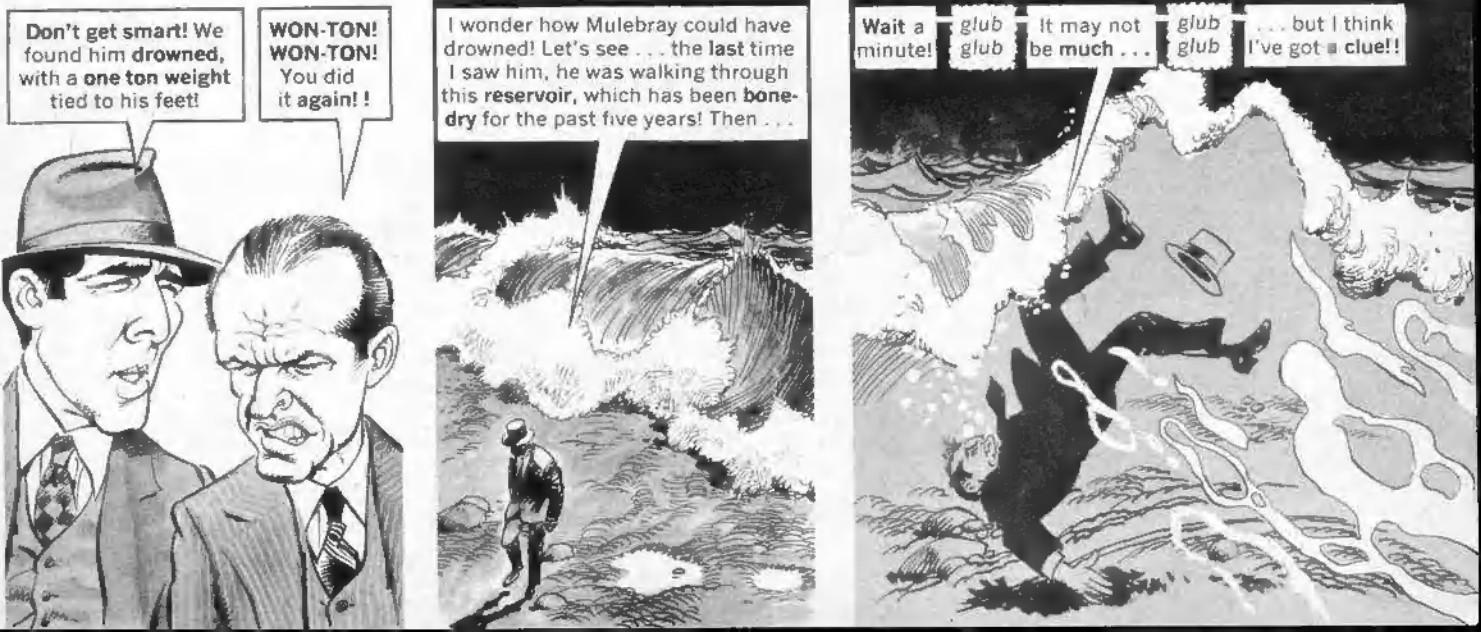
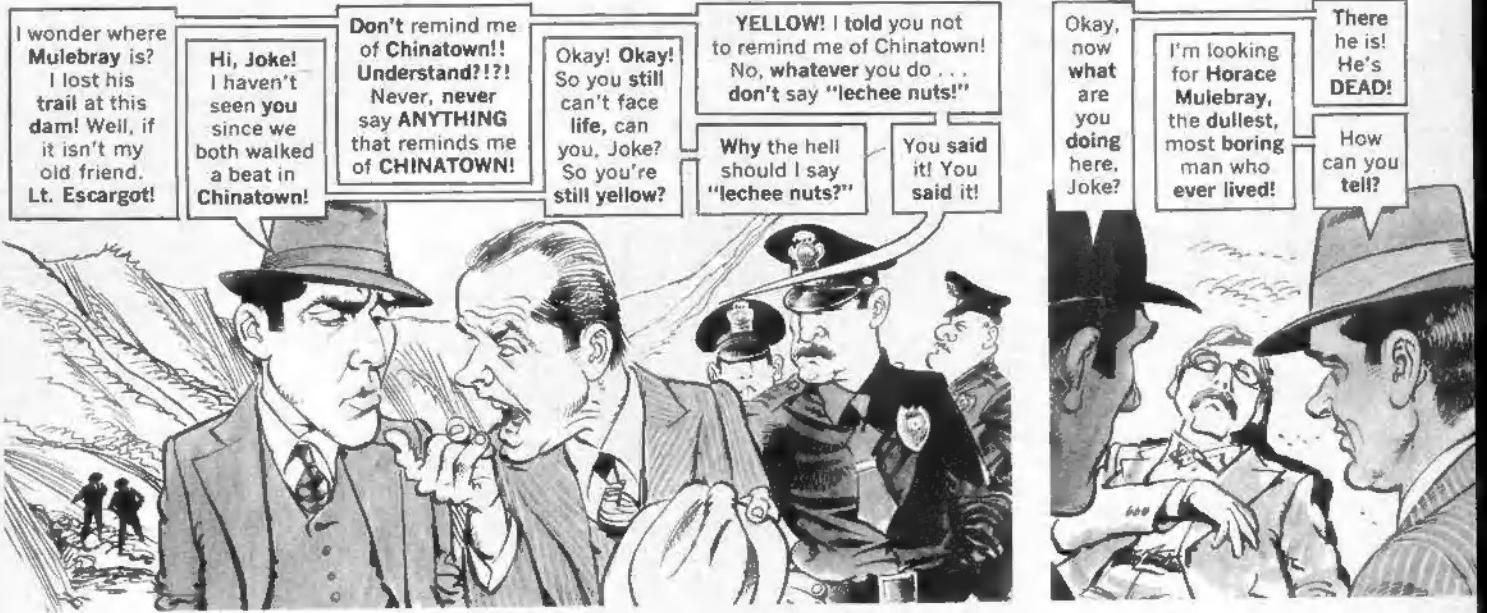
Mr. Giddy . . . my Husband is faithful!

Are you kidding? He's been spending all his time with this gorgeous young blonde . . . in hotel rooms . . . in the backs of cars . . . all over town! He never leaves her side . . . night or day!

I TOLD you he was faithful!

Well, I'm gonna see your Mr. Mulebray myself, and get to the bottom of this!





This property is OFF-LIMITS! What are you doing here?

I was walking through this dry reservoir, when all of a sudden—woosh! Lucky for me I was wearing my swim suit!

THAT's a swim suit?!! Well . . . not exactly! I usually wear it to go SURFING!!

You know what happens to wise guys who stick their noses into other people's business?

They get their noses cut off! And that's just a sample! If you don't beat it right now, I'm gonna do something a lot worse!

You don't frighten me, you punk! I don't, eh? Well, y'know what I'm gonna cut off next?!!

You can save your breath! I'm staying! I'm gonna cut off your polka dot tie!



ANIMAL!! ANIMAL!!

Mrs. Mulebray, I've just uncovered evidence that your late husband had a business partner, and his name is Jonas Crass!

That's right! He's my Father, and I hate his guts!

Aha! Now, we're getting some place! A woman who claims she's you, but isn't you, has me tail her Husband, who's really your Husband, because he's fooling around with a young blonde, which is your concern, not hers, and so I follow him, and I meet a Lieutenant who reminds me of Chinatown, and now it seems all of us are after the same man, and whoever finds him first will probably kill him!

My father? No, the guy who wrote this screenplay!

Mr. Crass, your daughter tells me you're the richest most ruthless and vilest man in the whole world!

Don't try to butter me up!

How did you make all your money, Sir?

Water, man! Water! I own all the water in the world outright, including all the oceans! Except the Pacific! That's in my Wife's name!

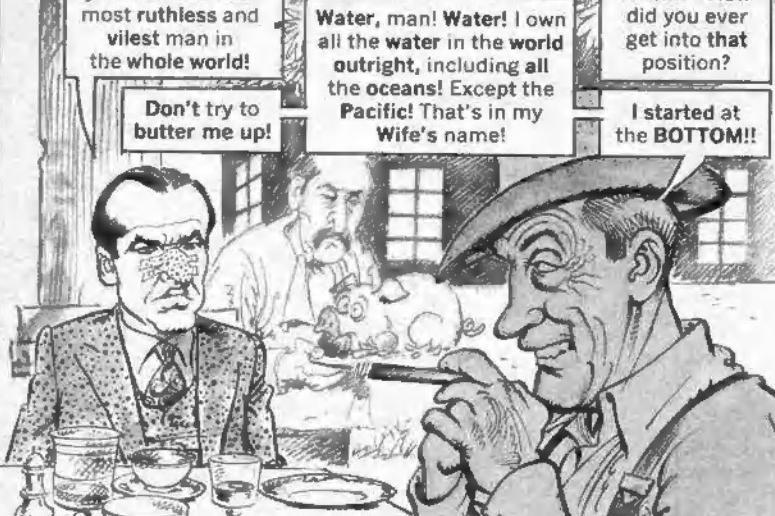
Gee . . . "Water King of the World!" How did you ever get into that position?

I started at the BOTTOM!!

. . . so your Father has been buying up arid land cheap! Then he plans on irrigating the land and selling it at a huge profit! Your Husband was apparently on to his scheme, so your Father may have killed him! Now, all we have to figure out is: Who was that woman who pretended to be you? Who was the blonde? Why does Chinatown drive me bananas? And what does all that have to do with the poor people in this Old Aged Home . . . ?

How old are you, Ma'am?

Right now, I'm not so sure! I was 23 when you started that last speech!



I was thinking! This movie is two hours old already, and there's been practically no sex! Can you think of anything to say that will lead to a carefully-motivated, soft, tender love scene that's appropriate for a picture that Critics will acclaim as one of the greatest films of our time?

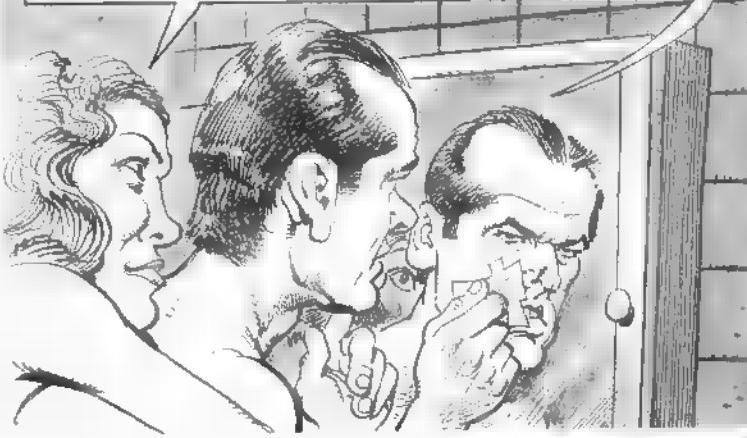
Yecch! What a mess!
Hey! You wanna help me clean my nose?

THAT did it!
Darling, I love you! Kiss me ...

Oh, boy . . . bloody noses really turn me on!

How do you feel about a punch in the mouth?

Later...
Darling!
Later!



I know that it's painful for you, but tell me about Chinatown?

Well, okay! But just this once! Y'know how it is to fall in love for the first time? Well, it happened to me twelve years ago! And I lost my love in Chinatown! Now . . . don't ever remind me of Chinatown again!!

Poor Darling! Now, while I'm getting dressed, how would you like a Fortune . . .

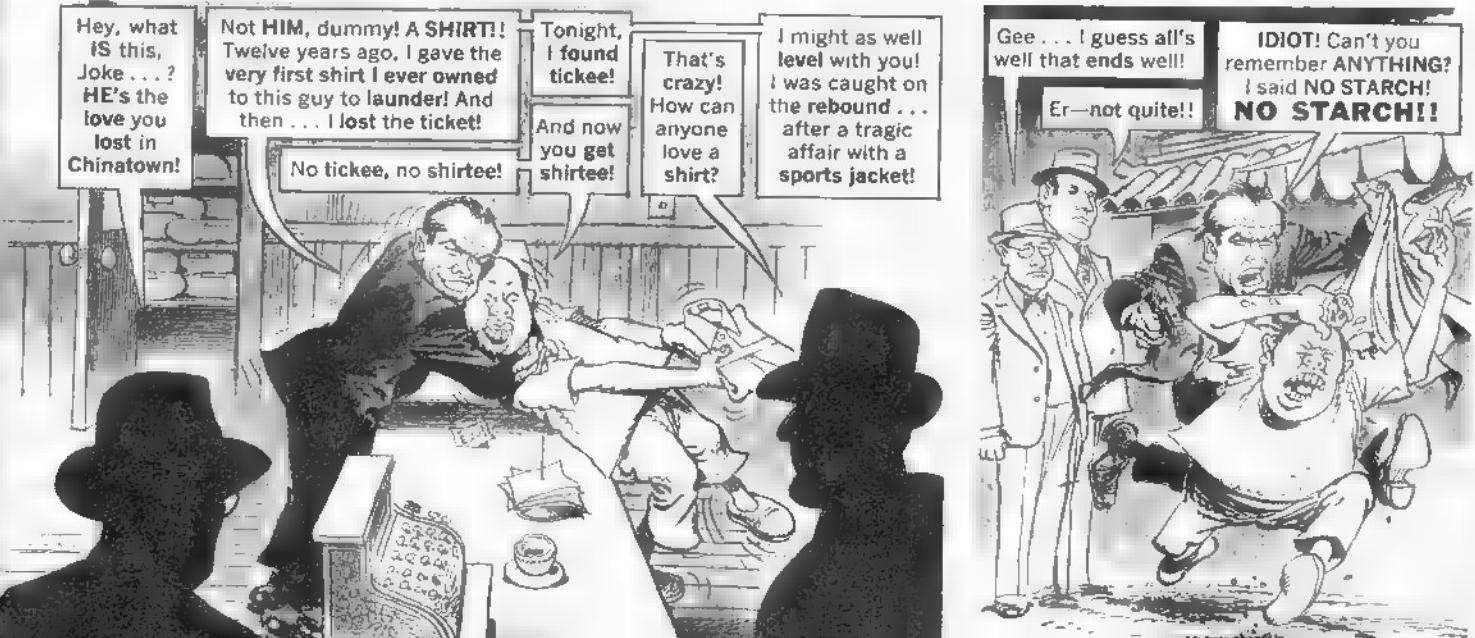
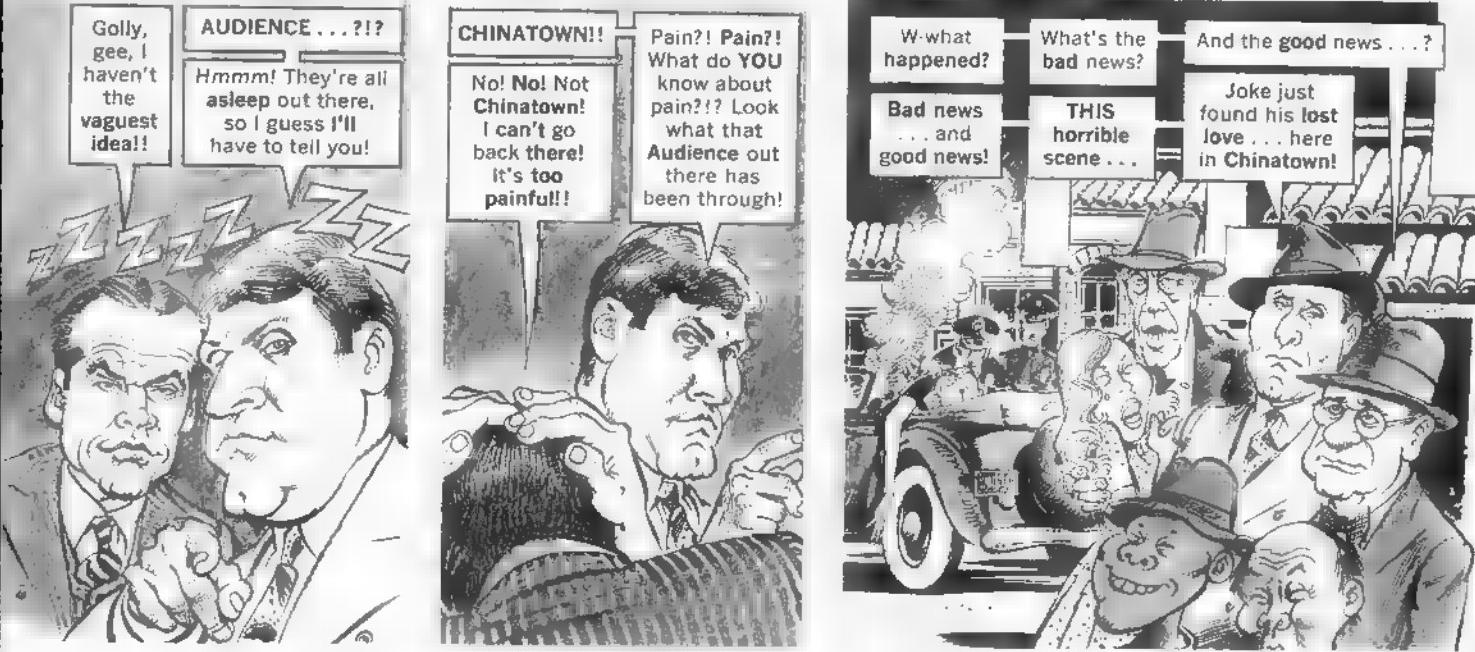
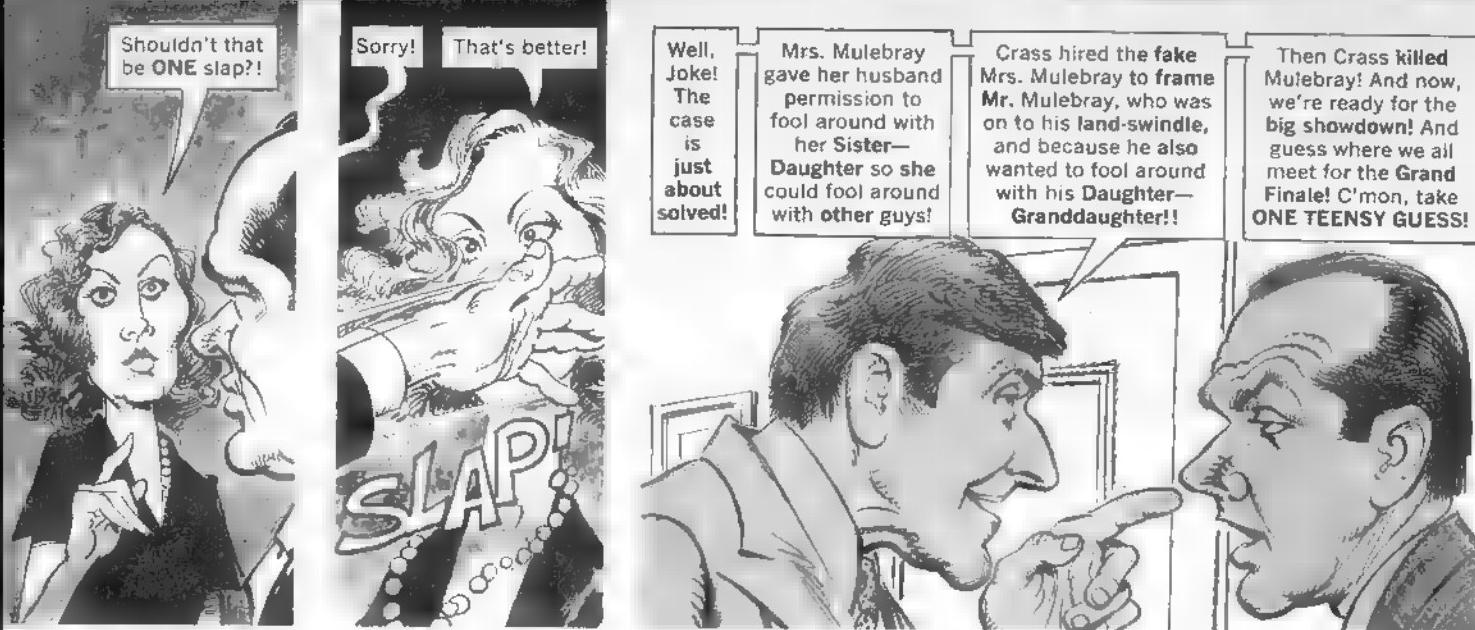
Don't say it!
DON'T SAY IT!

. . . MAGAZINE to read! Ha-ha! Had you going for a minute, didn't I? Bet you thought I was going to say, "Fortune COOKIE!"

AAAARRRGH!!

She said that she had to go someplace, and that I shouldn't follow her! But I followed her anyway . . . and look at that! It's the young blonde that old Mulebray was fooling around with! I wonder what the connection is between them? I wonder where all this will lead to? I wonder if anybody cares??



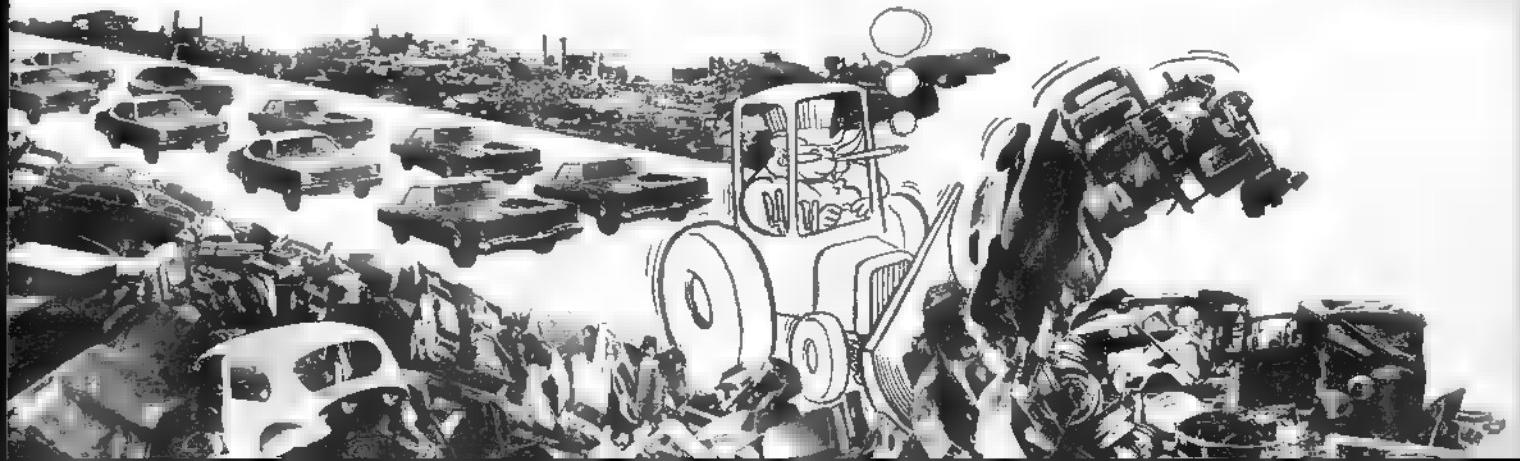
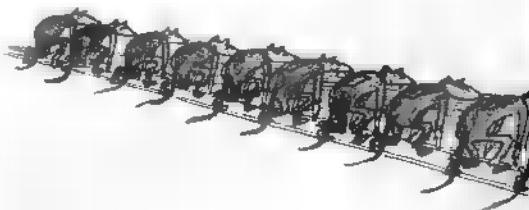
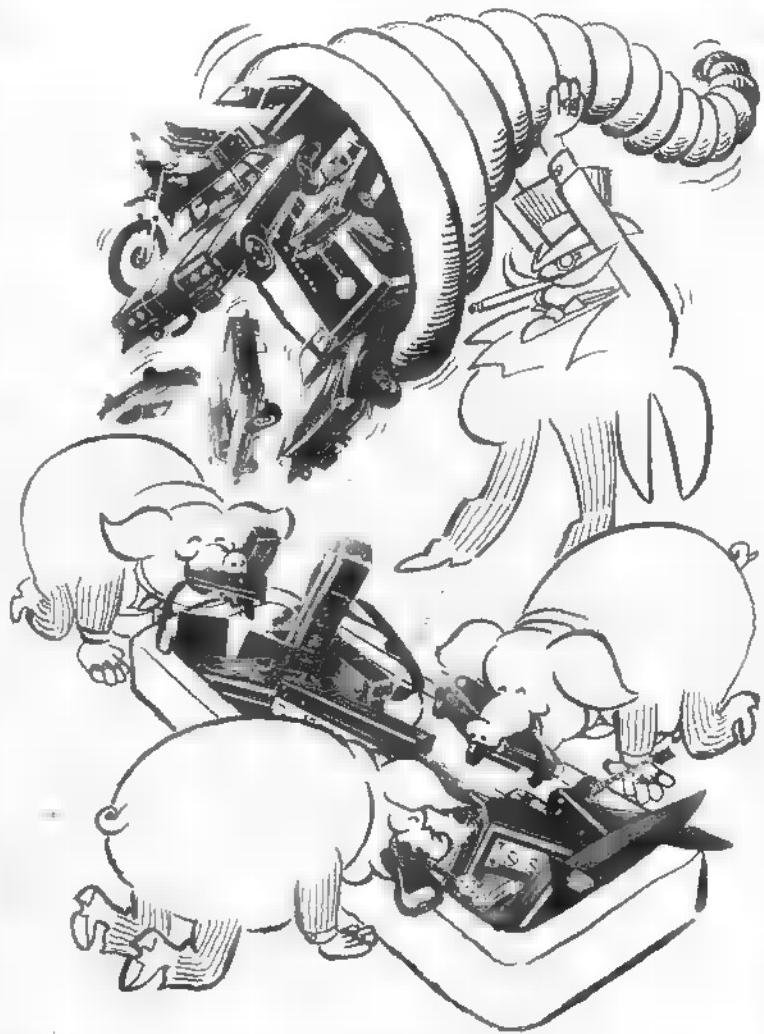


ONE SATURDAY MORNING IN A SUPERMARKET



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A MAD LOOK AT OUR

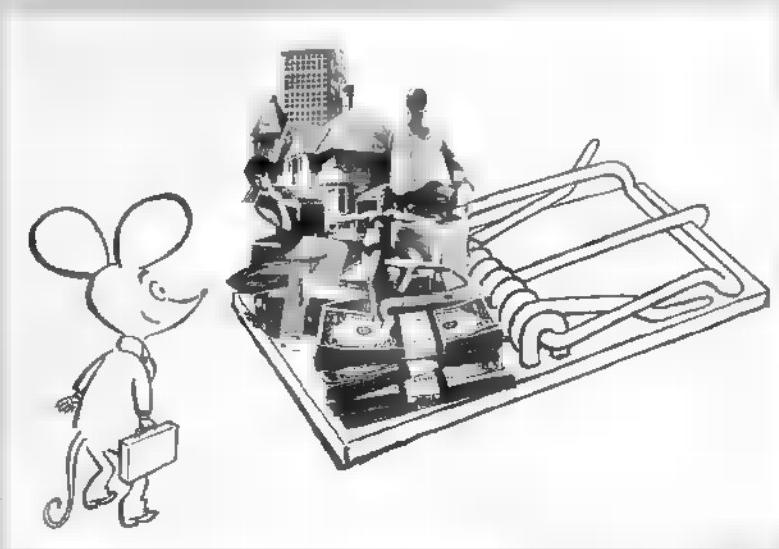
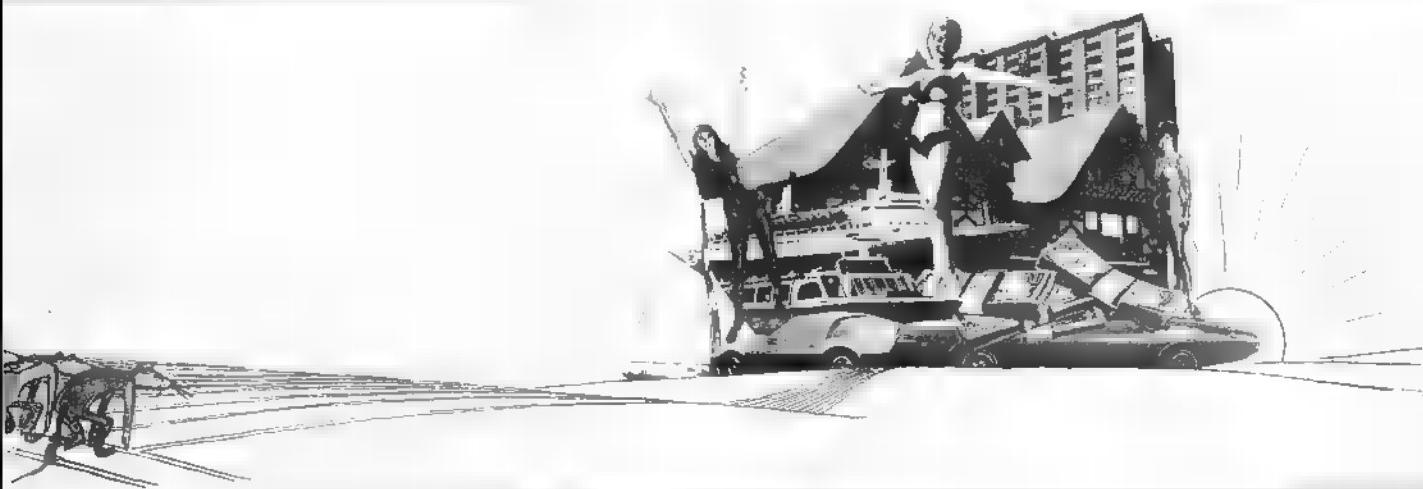




CONSUMER SOCIETY

WRITER & ARTIST: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

PHOTO CREDITS: V.P.T., BETHLEHEM STEEL, FUJI CORP., SONY CORP., CHRYSLER MOTORS, FORD MOTOR CO., VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, R.C.A., HARLEY DAVIDSON INC.



MEDICAL CONFIDENTIAL

THE DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM MAGAZINE

ARE YOU
EMOTIONALLY
PREPARED FOR
IMMEDIATE
HOSPITALIZATION?

• • •
A Grateful Patient
Speaks Out:
"IT WAS WELL
WORTH \$185 TO
HAVE MY BOIL
LANCED!"

• • •
Why Blue Cross
Does Not Cover Our
Fee For Filling
Blue Cross Forms

• • •
INSTALLMENT 19
OF A 47-PART
SERIES:
"Those Painful
Ailments You Can't
Expect Medical
Science To Cure"

• • •
If You Have To "GO"
... Don't The
Nurse May Be Asking
You For A Specimen!



REPAIR ROUNDUP

THE AUTO MECHANIC'S WAITING ROOM COMPANION

WHY COSTS HAVE RISEN
SHARPLY SINCE YOU GOT
THAT REPAIR ESTIMATE
YESTERDAY MORNING

Why 4-Cylinder Cars
Often Require
8 New Spark Plugs

NEVER ARGUE WITH
YOUR MECHANIC!
Anybody Who Can Lift
An Engine Block Can
Fracture Your Pelvis!

The Victim Of A
Major Mechanical
Breakdown Tells All:
"I NEGLECTED TO
HAVE MY GRIMMISH
REPLACED EVERY
10,000 MILES!"

Why An Overhauled Car
You Pick Up Today Can
Develop Serious New
Trouble On The Way
Home From The Garage

IGNORING THAT
STRANGE RATTLE
MIGHT COST YOU
YOUR LIFE!

AL'S AUTO
REPAIR

MAY 1975
(July At
The Latest)



This Month's Special Article:
A \$400 OVERHAUL NOW COULD
SAVE YOU FROM
A BIG REPAIR BILL LATER!

SETTING UP FOR THE BILL DEPT.

ANYONE who has ever been trapped in an office waiting room quickly realizes that there are two basic things wrong with the magazines piled there: they are inevitably old, and they are incredibly dull. Strangely, the doctors, businessmen and other people who maintain those waiting rooms never seem to realize that, from their own standpoint, too, the magazines actually have two basic things wrong with them: they don't do a thing to increase business, and they don't even

SPECIALIZED FOR OFFICE W

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

EYES RIGHT

THE MAGAZINE FOR OPTOMETRY PATIENTS

HOW CONTACT
LENSSES CAN SPARE
YOU FROM BEING
CALLED "FOUR EYES"

A Dramatic
First Person Account:
"UNBREAKABLE \$75
LENSSES SAVED MY
LIFE IN THE ALASKA
EARTHQUAKE!"

Your Alternative To The
Rising Cost Of Glasses:
A \$2,000.00 GUIDE DOG

THE OLD RELIABLE



CHART HAS BEEN
CHANGED SO DON'T
TRY TO GUESS!

Another Miraculous
20-20 Vision Story:
"NOW I CAN READ ALL
SIX PAGES OF MY
ITEMIZED OPTOMETRY
BILL CLEARLY!"

A DELIGHTED
WIDOW TELLS HER
OPTOMETRY STORY:
"I Found Independence
By Being Able To Look
Up My Own Phone Numbers!"



OCASIONAL
BLURRED VISION
MAY MEAN YOU NEED
EXPENSIVE BIFOCALS



prepare the waiting room inmates psychologically for their coming appointments. In short, there's nothing in an old copy of "Good Housekeeping" or "Sports Illustrated" that enables a professional person to go "one up" on his patient or customer before the two ever meet. Yes, MAD thinks that a golden opportunity is being missed. The captive audience is there, ready to be frightened or even fleeced, and what the situation clearly calls for is a whole brand new, cleverly angled line of . . .

MAGAZINES WAITING ROOMS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Body English The Funeral Home Browzer

FUN THINGS TO READ WHILE WAITING FOR YOUR GRIEF COUNSELOR

SUPPOSE YOU DO
RECRUIT AMATEUR
PALL BEARERS—
AND THEY DROP
THE BOX?

Insisting On Your Own
Minister Could Result
In A
Bush League Eulogy

WHO SAYS THE DEAR
DEPARTED CAN'T
ENJOY \$50 WORTH OF
ORGAN MUSIC?

A Young Couple's Tale
Of Devotion:
"WE SOLD OUR HOME
AND BOUGHT A
MAUSOLEUM SO THAT
GRANDPA COULD HAVE
HIS OWN ROOM!"

Why Risk Letting
Mourning Relatives
Drive With Tears In
Their Eyes When They
Can Drive Safely In
Chauffeured Limousines?

AN IOWA WIDOW
SHARES HER
COMFORTING
MEMORIES:

"Claude's Funeral Was
The Nicest Thing That
Ever Happened To Him!"



THE MONTH'S BEST
IN MORTUARY HUMOR
Turn To Page 84

Making Waves

Kinky Reading For The Beauty Shop Patron

Dry, Bleached
Summer Issue
1975

BLONDES PROBABLY
HAVE MORE FUN,
AND IT'S CERTAINLY
WORTH \$25 TO FIND OUT

A PATRON WHO ORDERED THE
CHEAPEST DYE JOB REPORTS:
"Now Everybody Mistakes
Me For A Movie Star . . .
Yul Brynner!"

SHOULD YOU GET EXPENSIVE
PEDICURES IN WINTER WHEN
YOU ONLY WEAR HIGH BOOTS?

The Story Of One Woman's
Embarrassment When She
Slipped On The Ice, Turned
Her Ankle, And They Removed
Her Goggles In Public

* * *
THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT
FOR YOUR MALE HAIRDRESSER:
Gold Lame Socks

* * *
"Making Waves" Survey Report:
"PROFESSIONAL MANICURES:
WHY THEY TURN MEN ON!"

* * *
How Trading Mean Gossip
With Your Beautician
Releases Tension And
Makes You Look Lovelier



This Month's Exciting Cosmetic Tip:
HOW YOUR BEAUTY SHOP'S SPECIAL
CONDITIONING TREATMENT SHRINKS
YOUR SKIN TO FIT YOUR FACE

IMPACTED WISDOM FACTUAL FEATURES OF VITAL INTEREST TO DENTAL PATIENTS

HOW BAD BREATH
CAN ANGER THE
DENTIST INTO
DRILLING
UNMERCIFULLY!

How Gumming
Mushy Foods For The
Rest Of Your Life
Can Be Fun

WISE ADVICE
FROM AN
ORTHODONTIST:
"Put Your Money Where
Your Kid's Mouth Is!"

YOUR BEST HEDGE
AGAINST RUNAWAY
INFLATION:
A Mouthful Of Gold
Inlays

Why A Tropical Cruise
Helps To Keep Your
Dentist's Hands From
Shaking

SWALLOWING
LITTLE BITS OF
SILVER FILINGS
CAN'T KILL YOU!



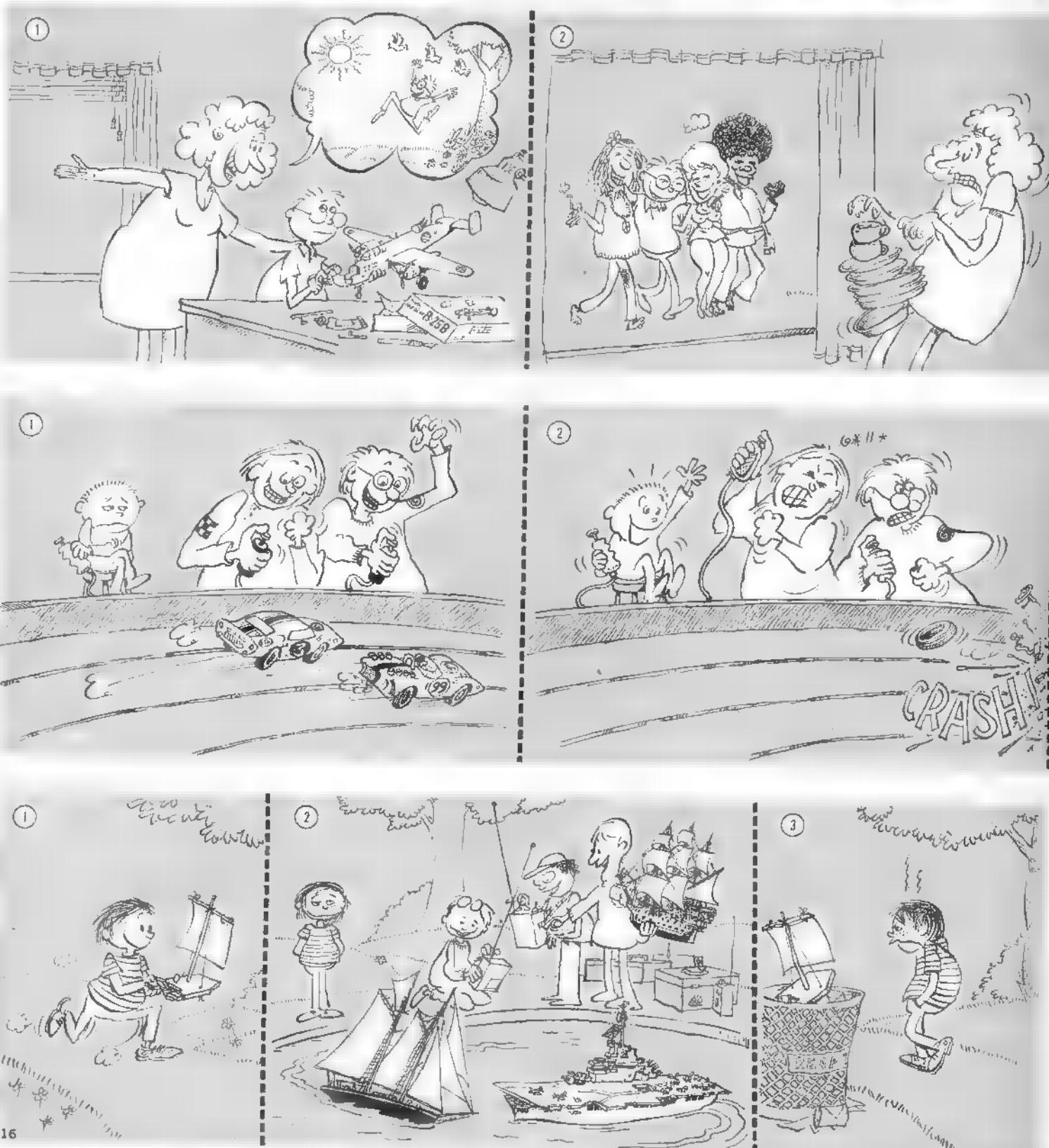
SPECIAL REPORT

"There's No Truth To The
Rumor That They Turn Up
The Muzak To Drown Out
The Sound Of Screaming!"

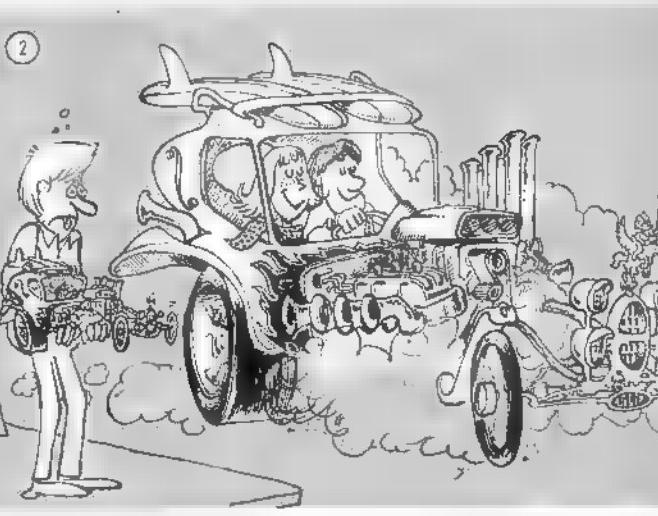
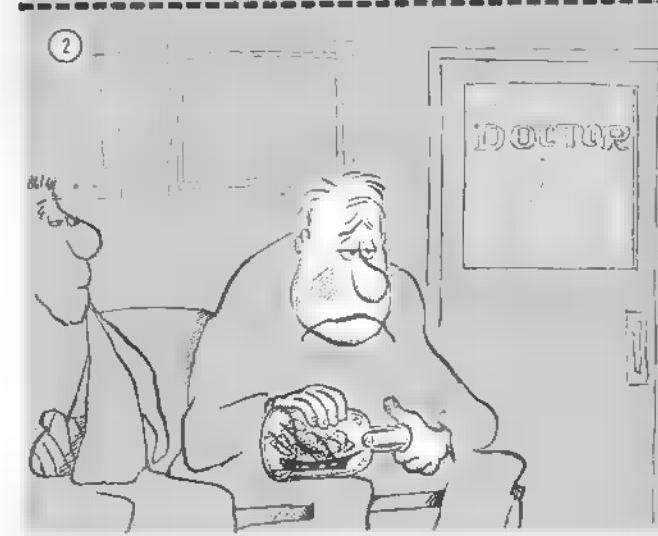
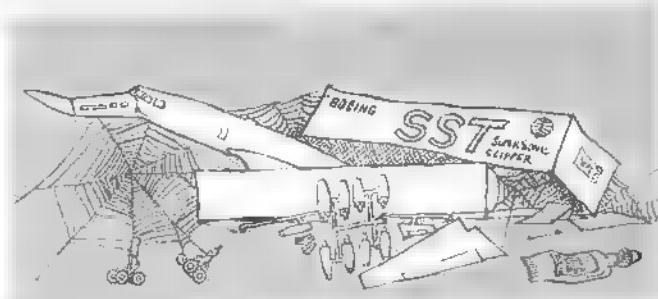
KIT STUFF DEPT.

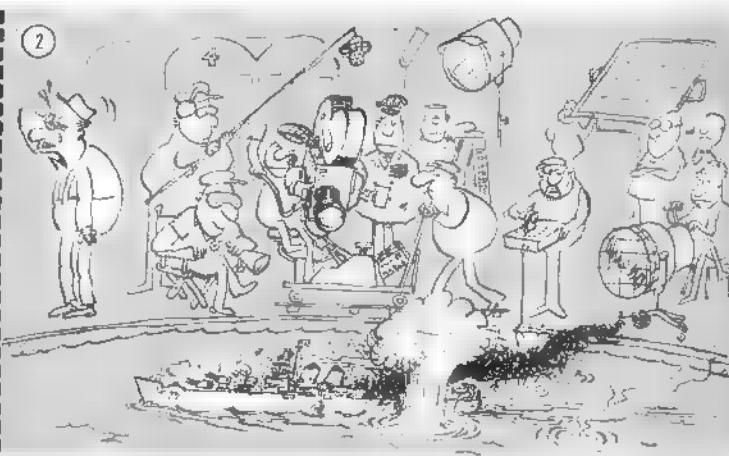
A MAD LOOK AT...

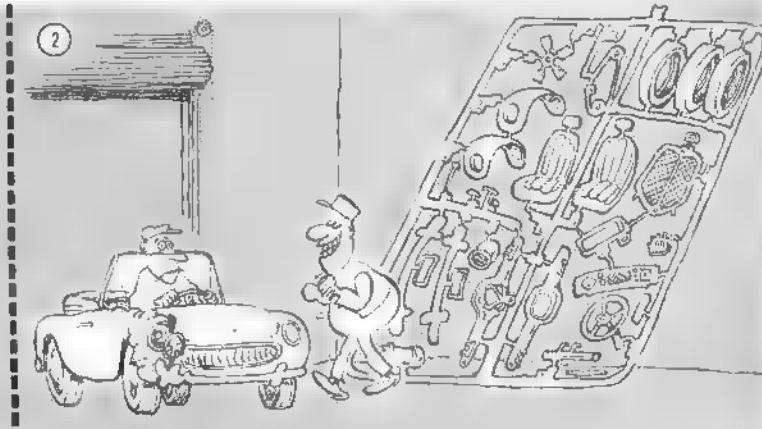
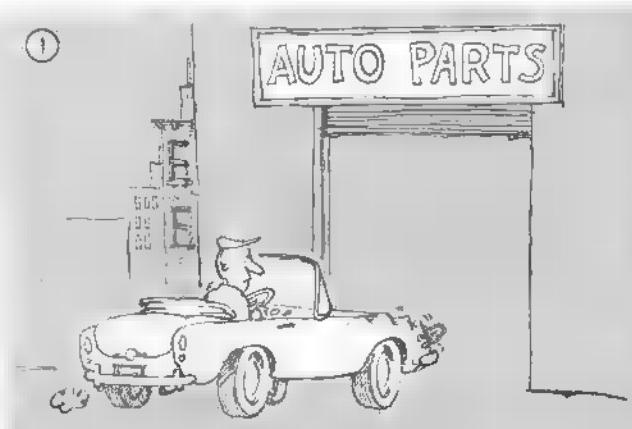
MODEL-BUI

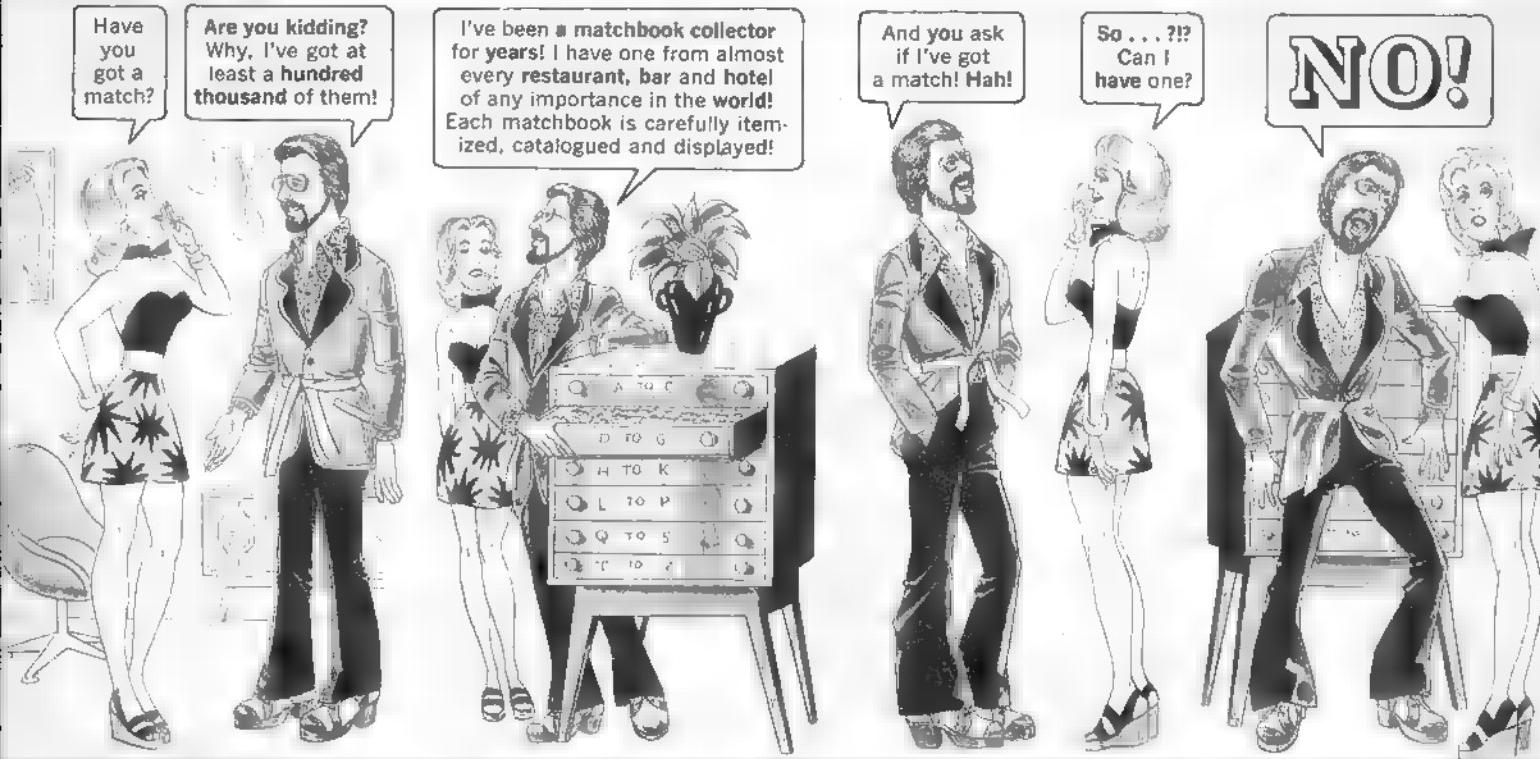


LDING









BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

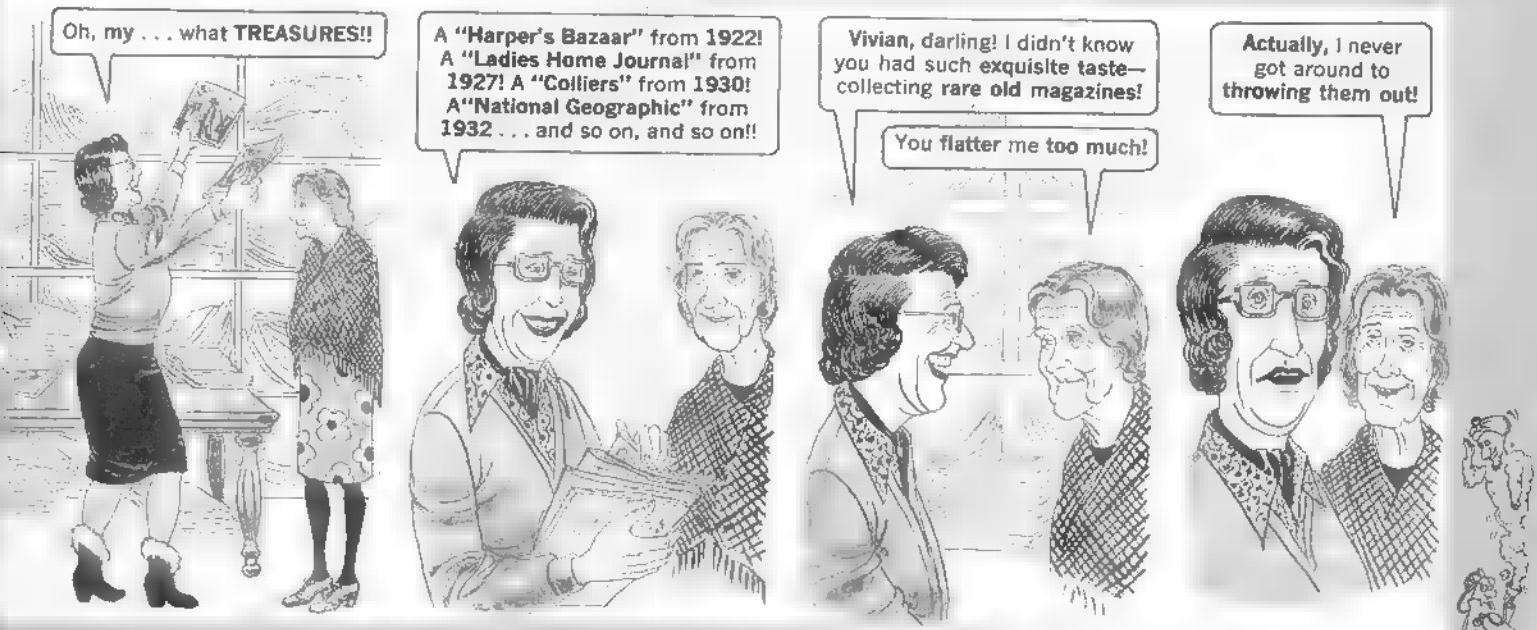
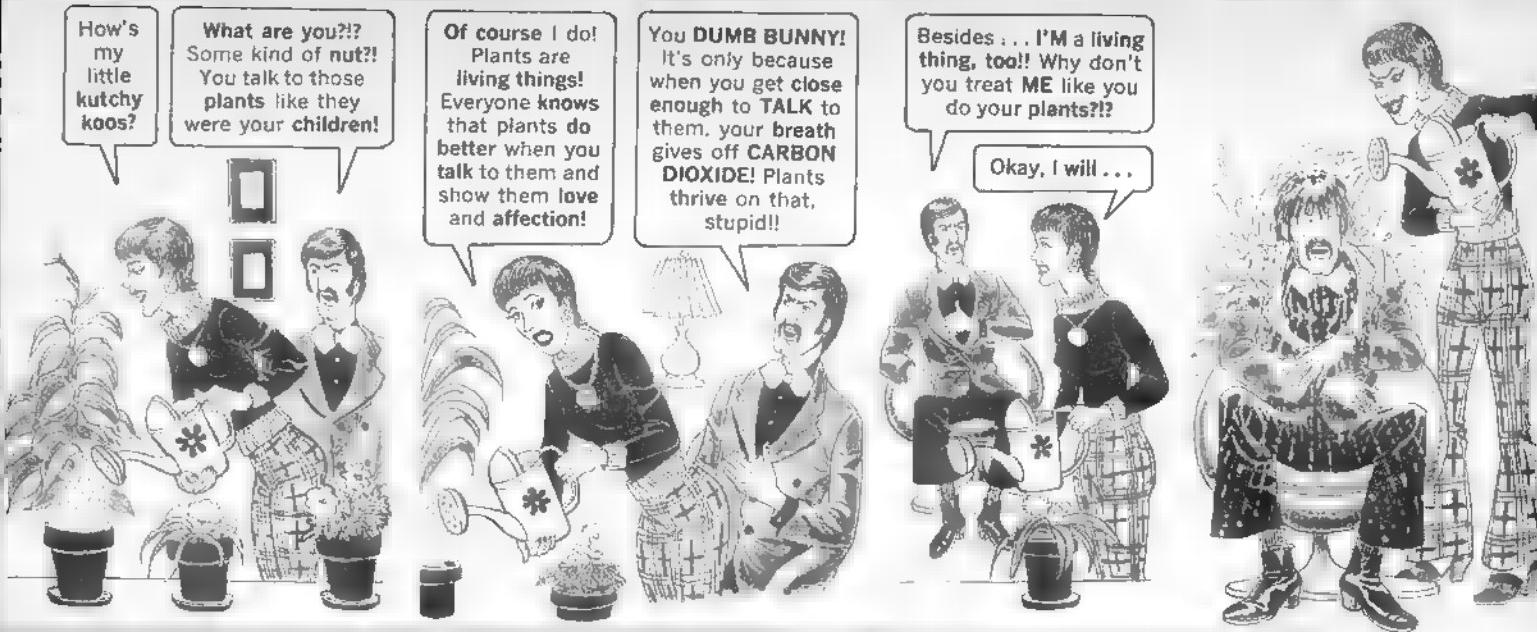




LECTING

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG





Holy cow! Look who's roaming the streets . . . free as a bird!

Who is he?

That's Willy "The Greek" Manicotti! He's number one on your "Top Ten" list of Syndicate Racketeers! He's probably responsible for more deaths per year than the Jersey Turnpike!

Oh, wow! He's a celebrity! I gotta ask him something!

Hey, come back!! Are you out of your bird??

Can I please have your autograph, Mr. Manicotti? It's for my collection!!



That 18-year-old brother of mine is WEIRD! He collects records!

What's weird about that? Doesn't EVERY kid?

But he's got so many of them!

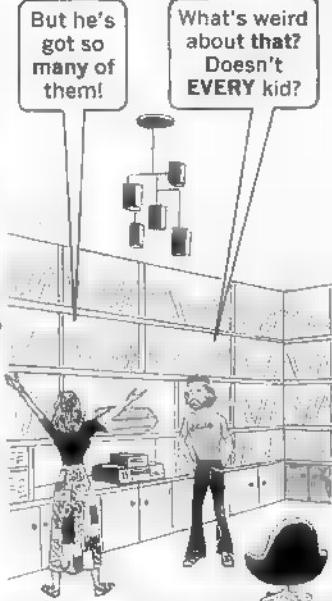
What's weird about that? Doesn't EVERY kid?

But he plays them so LOUD!

What's weird about that? Doesn't EVERY kid?

Bach . . . Brahms . . . and Beethoven?!?

THAT'S weird!



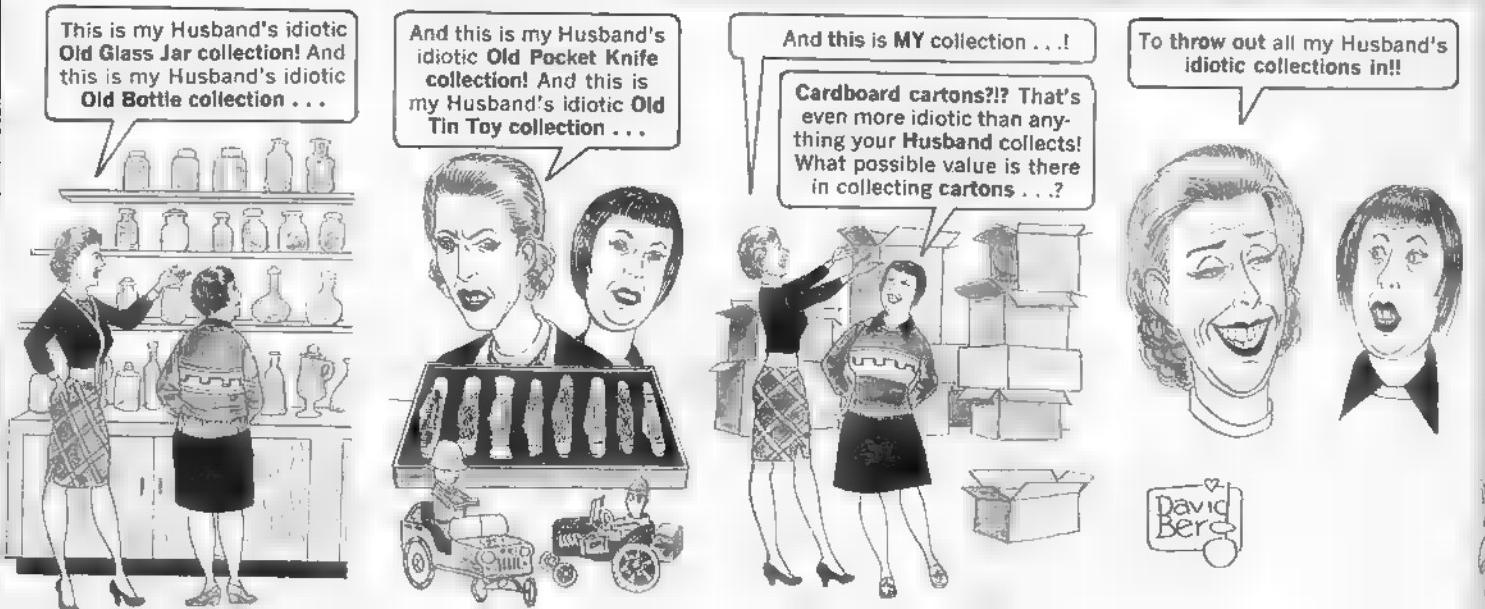
What a magnificent array of dolls!

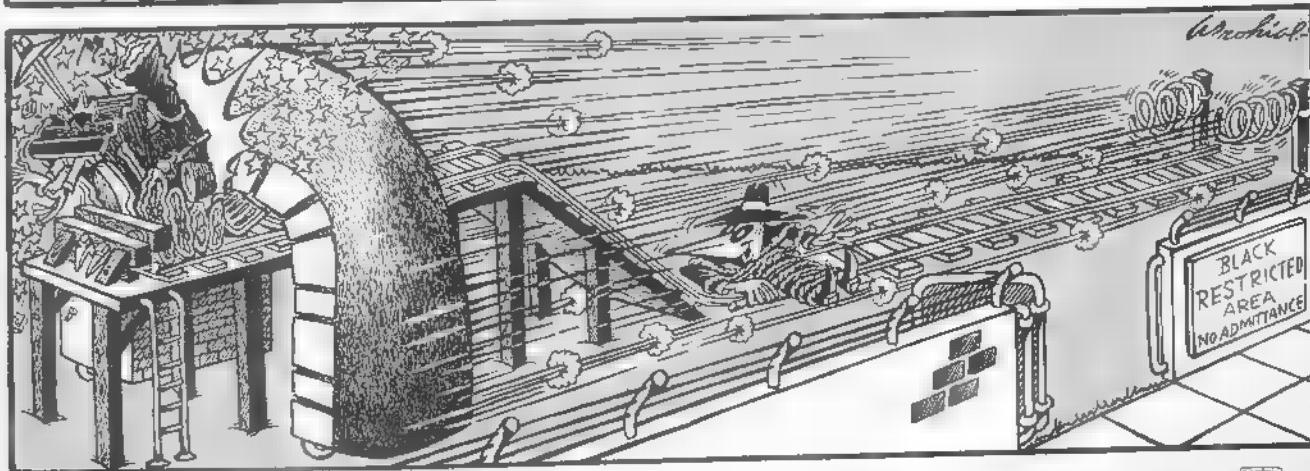
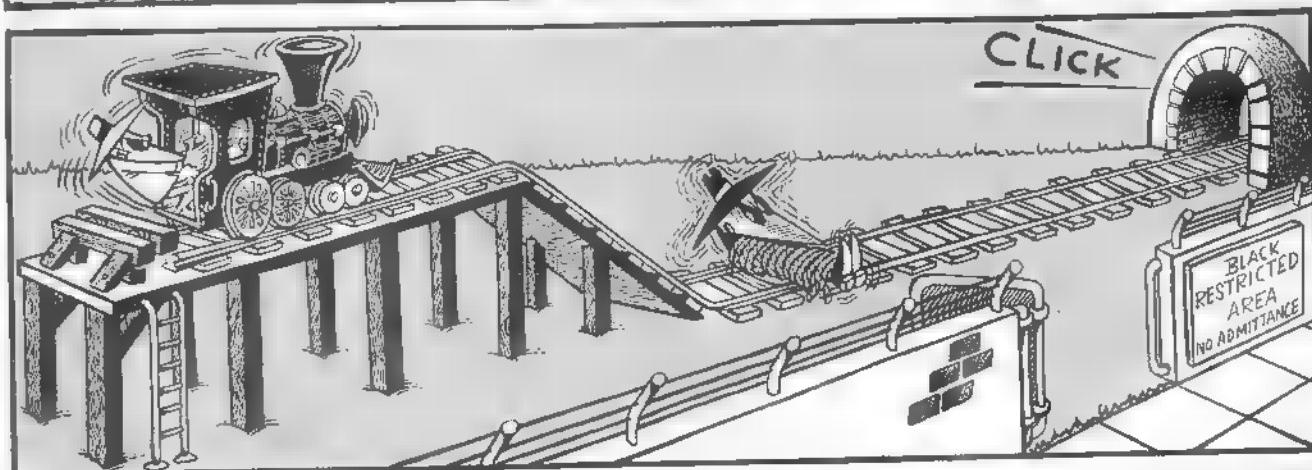
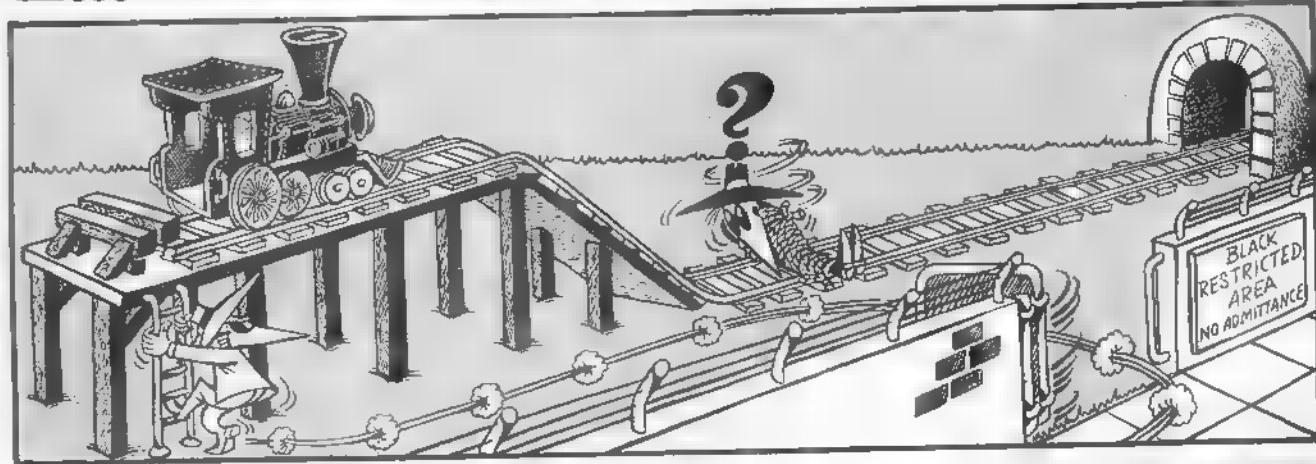
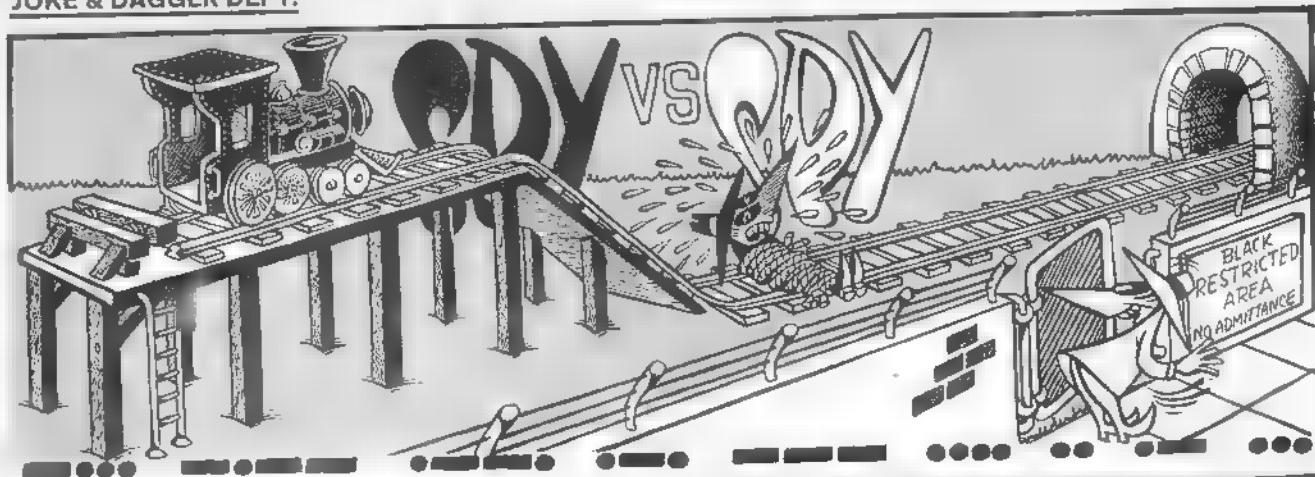
It's my daughter's! I've been collecting them for her for years, even before she was born! They come from all over the world!

You're a very lucky girl to have so many beautiful dolls to play with . . .

If she so much as TOUCHES one, I'LL BREAK HER ARM!!







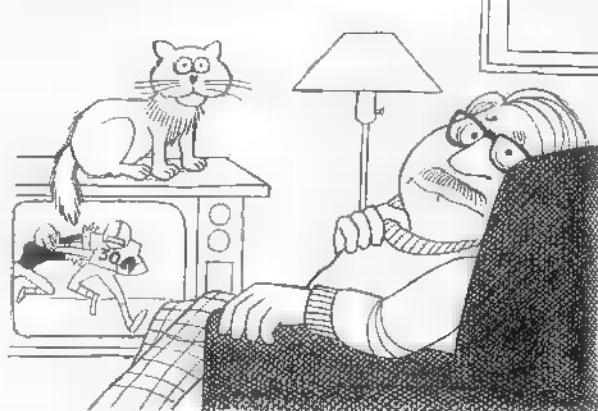
YOU KNOW YOU'RE REAL

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN ...



... you're constantly taking your dog to the Veterinarian for a check-up ... and you haven't seen your own Doctor in years.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN ...



... you have your Tomcat "fixed" ... and now all he does is sit around and stare at you.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN ...



... you force yourself to venture out during a howling blizzard because you discover you're out of cat food ...



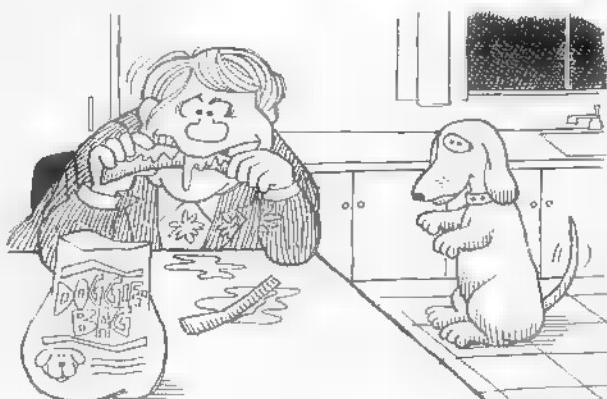
... and then she refuses to eat!

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN ...



... a Dermatologist charges you twenty-five bucks to come up with a diagnosis of your skin problem ... mainly, fleas.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN ...



... you decide that the stuff you brought home in the Doggie-Bag is too good to give to a dog.

LY A PET OWNER WHEN...

ARTIST & WRITER: LLOYD GOLA

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... you go on a vacation, and you have to stay in third-rate motels because they're the only ones who will accept your dog.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... you buy a dog because you're lonely
... and he sleeps for twenty hours a day.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... you get a "Poop-Scoop" for Christmas.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... you're asked to say a few words at a gerbil's funeral.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



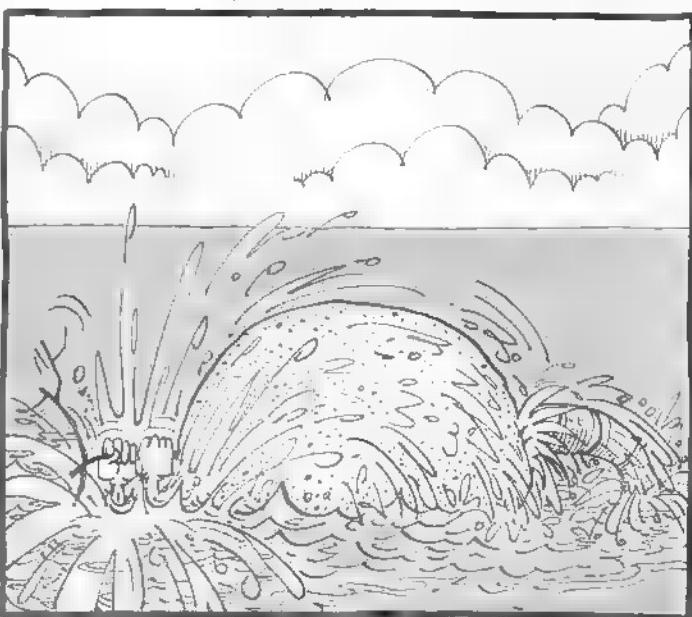
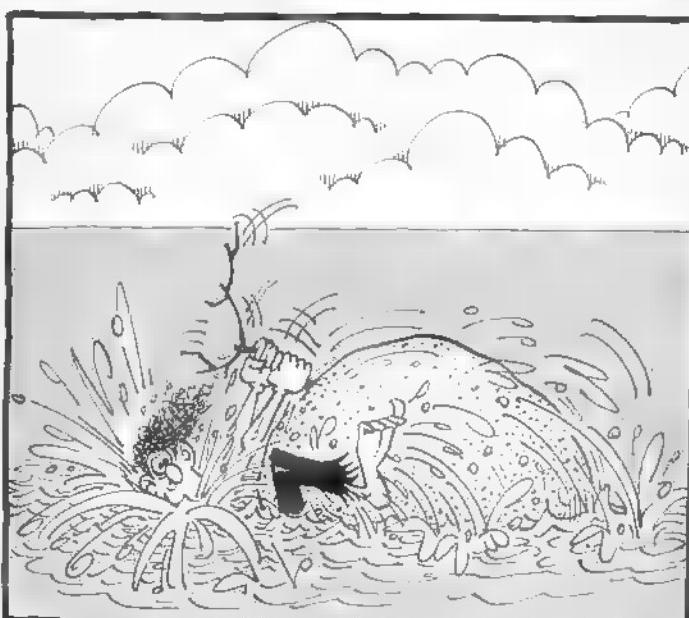
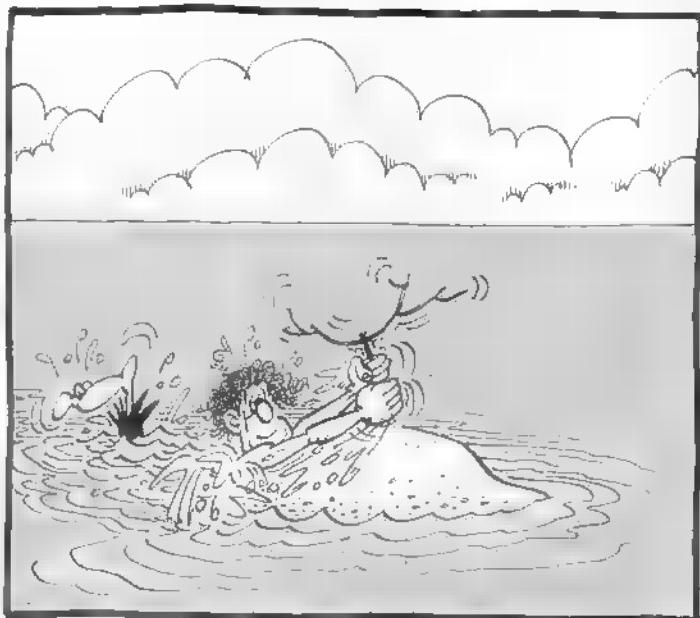
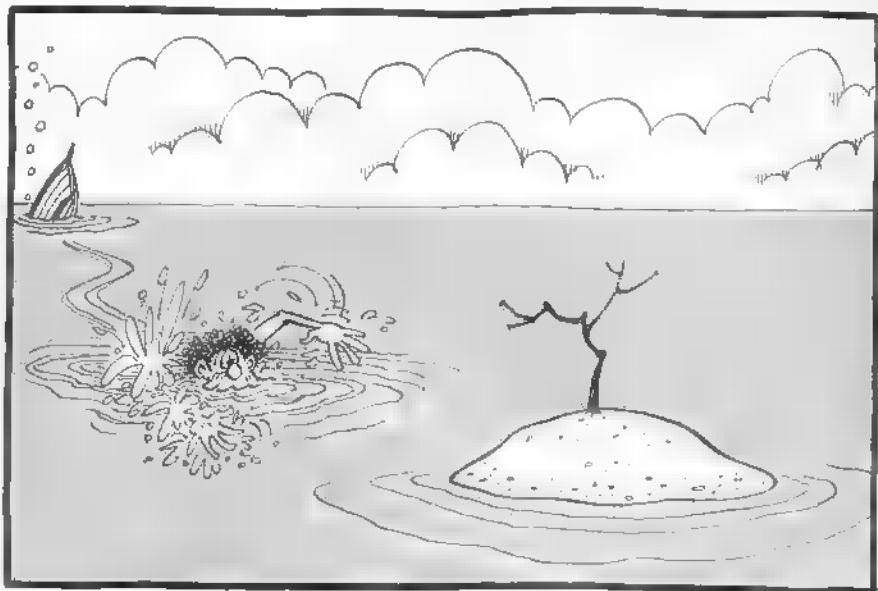
... you have to explain to friends that you weren't in a horrible accident, but merely tried to give your cat a bath.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE REALLY A PET OWNER WHEN...



... your aged Bulldog spoils your big love scene by suddenly making the air unbreathable.

ONE HOT SUNNY AFTERNOON IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN



NUMBERS RACKET DEPT.

Public Opinion Polls and Surveys are playing an increasingly important role in America today. If someone decides to run for President, or introduces a new toilet bowl cleaner, the first thing he does is have a Poll taken to see what his chances are of being elected . . . or having his product dumped into the nation's Johns. Are these polls necessary, and do they give a true cross section of public opinion? Well, you sure won't find out the answers to these questions by reading this article! But join us anyway as we interview

MAD'S POLL-TAKER OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE

Hi! I'm Bill Mussel, and I'm here to interview "MAD's Polltaker Of The Year," Dr. Garner Trivia, President of the Institute of Scientific Statistical Research Opinion Survey! Man, that's quite a mouthful! What does it mean?

It means money in the bank! I used to call my outfit "The Trivia Poll," and I was starving! Then I discovered that people would be more impressed and shell out more bread if I used a name with a lot of scientific words!

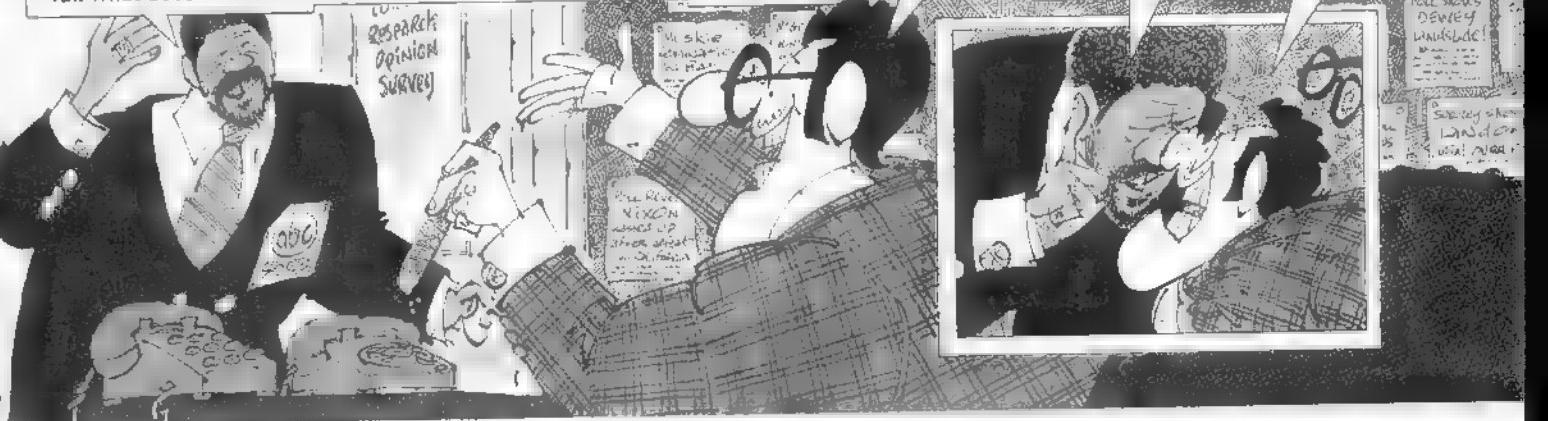
That's cool! How did you make this amazing discovery, Dr. Trivia? By taking a poll??

Don't be an idiot! Who listens to polls?? I read it in a Freshman Psychology book!

And please—don't refer to us as "Polltakers," Bill! We're "Opinion Researchers"! It's the same as calling you Sports Announcers who fill in between beer commercials: "Sports Analysts" or "Color Men"!

Smile when you say that, Man!

Huh? Oh . . . heh-heh! No offense!



This is our most important Department!

Oh? Is this where you keep the money?

No! But if it weren't for this key Department, we wouldn't MAKE any money! This is our Public Relations section! It's their job to convince the Public that by polling a few hundred people, we can actually tell what over 200 million are thinking!

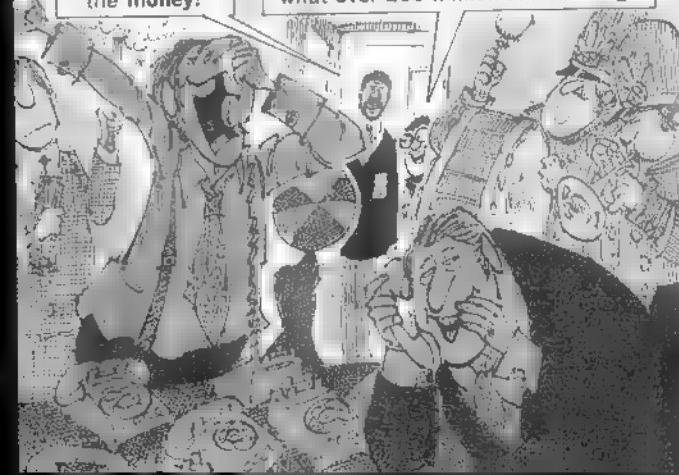
What are these computers for?

They impress my customers, and they're a great tax write-off!

Yeah . . . I see what you mean, Doc!

Actually, this is our most important piece of equipment!

I'm talking about the TELEPHONE, Bill! This young lady is taking a telephone survey of opinion on a vital issue!



I'm conducting a survey, sir! What brand of bubble gum do you find makes the best bubbles?

Hey! I thought you said it was a vital issue!

It is, if you own a Bubble Gum Factory!

I don't chew bubble gum, Lady! I wear false teeth!

Do any members of your family chew Slop's Bubble Gum?

My son LeRoy! He doesn't exactly chew it! He buys it for the BASEBALL CARDS, and throws the gum away!

This is an example of a concerned manufacturer spending a fortune to find out how the Public feels about his product!

He'd be better off if he spent the money trying to improve his lousy GUM!

Miss Trumlin, if our clients spent their money improving their products instead of on surveys and advertising, we'd all be out of work!

Most of our clients are manufacturers who spend millions advertising useless products like mouth wash and deodorants. Bill! Then they hire us to get opinions about their products from the Public!

And if there's an unfavorable reaction, they make changes in their products . . . ?

Of course not, Dummy! If there's an unfavorable reaction, they make changes in their ADVERTISING!

The TV Networks depend on surveys, don't they? How do you find out which Shows are the most popular?

We use two different highly scientific Survey Systems! The first is called the "Chance Factor Method"! We merely pick out telephone numbers at random, and . . .

Hey . . . how would YOU like to make this Survey Call . . . ?

Hello! I'm taking a TV Survey! Do you watch the "NBA Game Of The Week"?

I—I think a dog answered! All he says is "Woof!"

Well, don't waste the phone call!

One woof means "Yes!" Two woofs mean "No!" And three woofs mean "No Opinion!"

And THIS is why shows like "Julia" and "Barefoot In The Park" were CANCELLED!

The other method is by use of an Audimeter! We attach 1000 of these gadgets to sets all over the country, and whatever Shows the families watch are recorded! This data is then passed on to the TV Networks!

Do they pay much for this information?

Oh, about five million dollars!

Man, no wonder I can't get a raise! They spend all the bread finding out if anybody is watching me!

Do these families get paid?

Sure! We pick up their TV repairs, and pay them 50¢ a week!

Man, that is unbelievable!

What? That the Networks pay millions for information they could get themselves for less than half the price?

No . . . that you found 1000 people who would do something for 50¢! I can't even get my kid to guard my hubcaps for less than a buck!

I never met anyone that has been questioned by a poll! How do you decide who you are going to interview?

We use what is known in statistical circles as the Law of Probability! We choose a typical neighborhood at random . . .

What typical neighborhood did it land in?

Hey, it landed in HARLEM!

Hmmm! I'd better try again! THAT neighborhood is just a little TOO typical!!



Here we are in our alternate typical neighborhood . . .

Why are we skipping that house?

Because it's on the corner! People who live in corner houses aren't typical! They're richer than their neighbors!

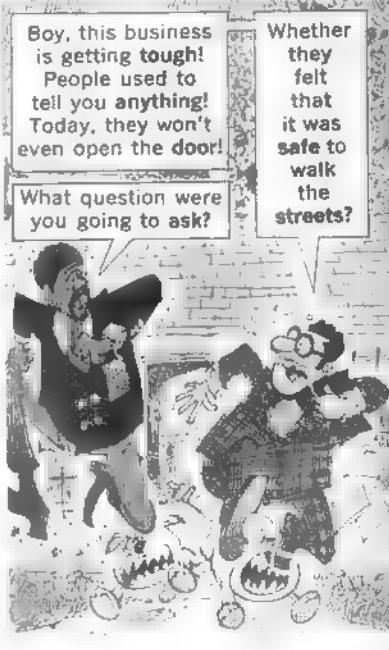
Yeah, but suppose only people who live in corner houses watch the "NBA Game Of The Week"! My rating would be ZERO!!

Who's out there? Go away! We don't want any!

I'm not selling anything! I just want to ask you a question!

Boy, this business is getting tough! People used to tell you anything! Today, they won't even open the door!

Whether they felt that it was safe to walk the streets?



Suppose that most people just do not understand an issue? How can you get an accurate survey?

We phrase the question so it can be answered by a moron! Then people can express opinions on things they don't know a damned thing about! Listen . . .

Pardon me, sir! I'd like to ask you a question: Do you think the U.S. should devalue the dollar to make it more competitive on the international money market? Answer "yes" or "no"!

Duhh—yes, dey should devalue—uh—like you said!

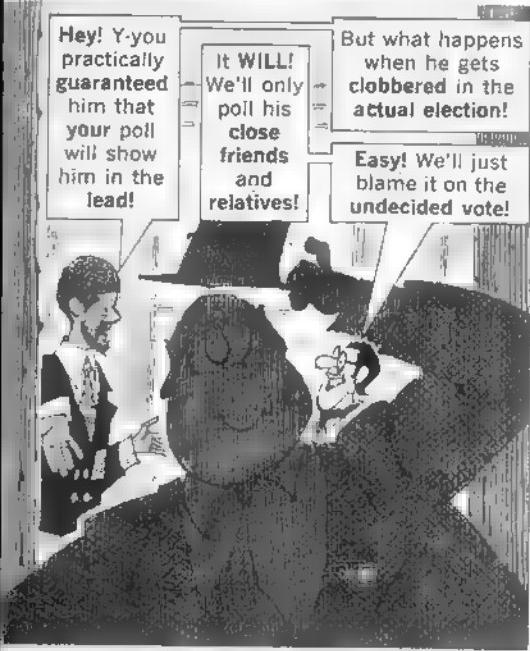
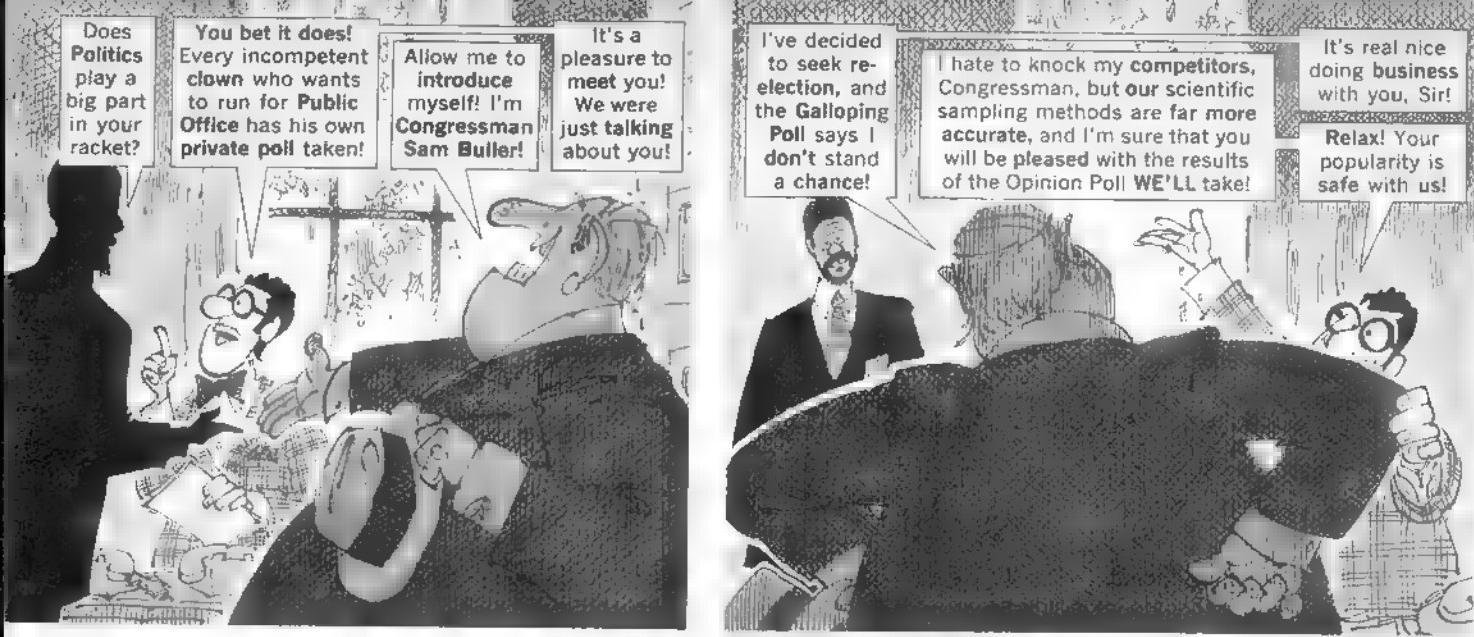
And the U.S. Government makes decisions on information like THIS?!

Let's go back to the office! I'll finish the rest of these surveys myself!

Hey . . . that's cheating!!

Ahh, nobody'll know the difference! Besides, on what I pay my Field Men, I'm sure most of them fake their surveys anyway! So why shouldn't I enjoy the same privilege as my hired help??





The average American Family has one thing in common with the average American Corporation: both bicker constantly about money because neither seems capable of showing a satisfactory profit despite ever increasing income. The Chairman of the Board can't really explain what happened to this year's extra billion dollars any more than the Head of the House can figure out where this year's extra thousand went. But Corporation Executives do have a decided edge when it comes to silencing money squabbles. They cover up their extravagant mistakes with vague references to "non-recurring costs" and optimistic predictions for a brighter tomorrow. MAD sees no reason why Families shouldn't utilize the same sneaky device. Just think how the shouting would be stifled if Moms, Dads and kids were given yearly opportunities to write up their dreams for a better future as each of them busily blames the present financial mess on somebody else in....

ANNUAL REPORTS TO FAMILY MEMBERS

THE FLAXBENDER FAMILY



Members of Flaxbender management team proudly display the year-end capital surplus. Pictured (left to right) are Prime Breadwinner: Elroy H. "Dad" Flaxbender, Director of Motherhood: Ethel "Mom" Flaxbender, Chief Male Teen-ager: Sonny, Non-member of the Family: Thomas Jefferson, Chief Female Teen-ager: Martha Jean and Associate Moppet: Leonard Theodore. (Note the new gutters and downspouts on the family headquarters in the background, installed for the general enjoyment of all in 1973 at a cost of \$429.)

ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT 1974

WRITER: TOM KOCH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY IRVING CHILD

1974 Financial Highlights At A Glance

Source And Disposition Of Family Revenue

SOURCE

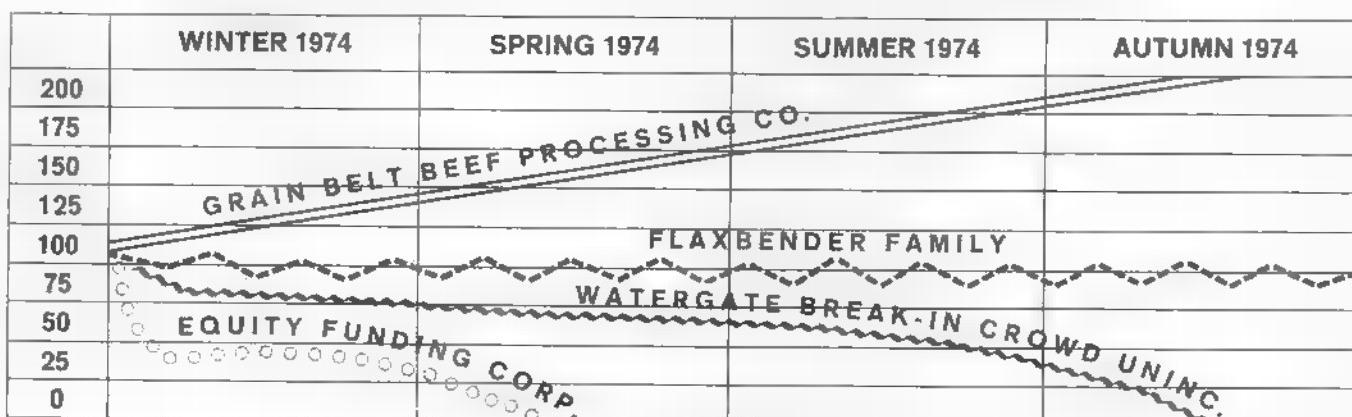
Hard Earned
Salary of Chief
Breadwinner
93.4%

Sonny's
Gross Income—
0.4%
Martha Jean's
Gross Income—
0.5%
Debts Left
Unpaid Long
Enough to be
Forgotten,
Probably—
4.1%
Trading Stamps,
Return of Empty
Bottles & Misc.—
1.3%
Reward Collected
for Finding a
Lost Dog—
0.3%

DISPOSITION

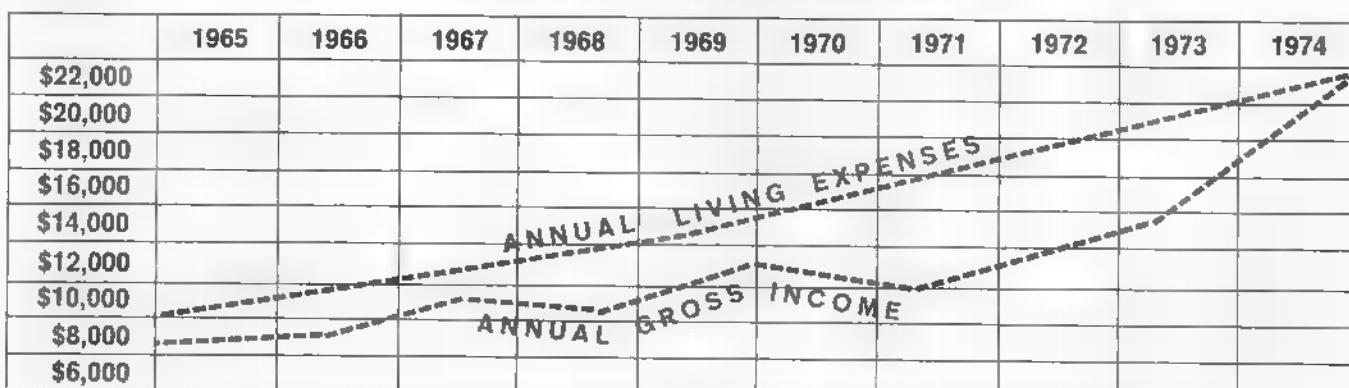
Home Payments,
Upkeep, etc.—
29.3%
Food Bought with
Dad's Earnings,
but Eaten Mostly
by Others—
17.8%
Other Money
Spent, But
Lord Only
Knows What
For—
18.2%
Auto Damage
& Medical
Expense Not
Covered by
Insurance—
18.0%
Auto and
Medical
Insurance—
1.8%
Needed Clothing
Purchased—
0.9%
Un-needed
Clothing
Purchased—
7.3%
Investment in
Horse Racing &
Alcoholic
Beverage
Industries—
6.7%

COMPARISON OF 1974 FLAXBENDER REVENUES WITH THOSE OF OTHER SELECTED UNDERTAKINGS



Encouraging graph (above) shows that last year Flaxbenders performed better financially than two out of three comparable organizations picked entirely at random for an intensive study.

LONG TERM COMPARISON OF ANNUAL INCOME & OUTLAY FIGURES



A tremendous upsurge in Dad's earnings from overtime and moonlighting coupled with leadership decision to misplace almost \$700 in unpaid bills, resulted in an unprecedented 1973 prosperity that created the wonderful illusion we finally broke even.

Annual Message From Dad

As you already have been notified verbally, the Flaxbender "team" finished fiscal 1974 with results that were not satisfactory to your leadership. Such unprofitable undertakings as Martha Jean's dental work, Sonny's totaling of the Buick, and Mom's idiotic purchase of a muskrat coat combined to wipe out an anticipated surplus, despite record gross revenues of \$21,658 contributed by Yours Truly.

In topping the magic "twenty grand" figure for the first time in history, Dad again operated at 100% of his maximum work capacity throughout the calendar year, and was the financial stand-out in an otherwise lackluster family effort. By giving up golf to put in more Saturday overtime at the plant, and devoting most free week-nights to moonlighting in the aluminum awning sales field, the Head of the House clearly risked a heart attack in order to make up deficits reported by all subsidiary Flaxbenders. Additionally, it should be noted that Dad's Poker Night losses were pared to a few lousy bucks in the year just ended.

Chief disappointments among the new financial ventures undertaken by junior members of the team were Sonny's Lawn Mowing Service, which grossed only \$32.75 after a \$149.00 outlay for a power mower, and Martha Jean's baby sitting, which fell an incredible \$216 short of covering the cost of new clothes needed to do the work properly. It is to be hoped that both endeavors can turn the corner profitwise in '75. Or else!

Over all, the year ahead appears to hold some promise for achieving our first measurable surplus since we started having children. The recent death of the dog happily relieves us of a burdensome Purina Chow bill, and also enables us to skip paying the veterinarian for past services. On another front, the news that Ethel's brother lost his mind and was committed leads management to the cheery conclusion that he probably forgot about the \$500 we owe him. Therefore, that debt is now being written off as paid, in compliance with the family's normal accounting procedures.

In the final analysis, however, hopes for putting the Flaxbenders into the black for '75 depend chiefly upon subsidiary family members and their desire to cut costs in all operating areas. To achieve that motivation, all that any of us need do is ask ourselves one simple budgetary question: How badly do we really want that A-1 Bench Power Saw that old Dave Gleckny down at the plant is willing to let me have for only \$150?

Respectfully submitted,
Elroy N. Flaxbender,
Devoted Husband & Father



CHIEF FAMILY BREADWINNER Elroy N. Flaxbender poses for formal portrait in his newest suit, a \$39.95 Robert Hall clearance special purchased in 1962. During fiscal 1974, Dad's gross outlay for clothing and booze amounted to less than \$1,000.



CUTTING FISCAL DEFICIT. Dad is shown returning home from a rough day of working overtime in order to pay for thoughtless extravagances of family subsidiaries. (Note baggy trouser knees incurred to save sixty cents for professional pressing.)

GOLDEN INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY IS MISSED. At recent Auto Show, Dad spotted blue chip growth potential in this underpriced \$4,600 camper. Purchase was not made due to opposition by Motherhood Division manager. The very same vehicle is now selling at \$4,950, its all time market high.



REPORTS FROM SUB

The Homemaking & Motherhood Branch Recaps 1974



RESISTING HIGH BEAUTICIANS' CHARGES. Mom here displays results of cheap home permanent that saved family \$15, and also required her ■ wear a wool ski cap in public ■ through months of July and August.

As we close out another year, it remains ■ mystery to me how a person is supposed to feed and clothe ■ family of five on the miserable household allowance I get. Lord knows I do the best I can. But it simply gets to the point where, I mean, good grief!

Even that little fat fellow with glasses hired by the president to go on Walter Cronkite and tell us how prosperous we are has finally admitted that prices are outrageous. As if a person wouldn't already know when all you have to do is walk into the market with a twenty-dollar bill to find out how far it goes. Noplace! That's how far it goes!

And yet, there's our family leader, Mr. Big Mouth Zipwallet, sitting across the dinner table yammering about not being able to stomach a main dish of cauliflower au gratin two nights in a row. In addition to which, that's after I've slaved away sprinkling parsley over the top to make it look nice. And also after I've gone without the clothes any woman needs to put on her back, which is another story altogether.

In closing, may I say that doing the marketing in an old VW with bent fenders that won't start half the time is no picnic for a sensitive person either. If the Homemaking and Motherhood Dept. were provided with even half-way decent transportation, there is no doubt that a large number of ingenious cost-cutting operations could be put into effect in fiscal 1975. Especially if it should happen to be a lavender Mustang.

(Mrs.) Ethel Flaxbender
Chief Drudge

A Word From Sonny On Fiscal '74

Writing as a scholar whose good marks in high school already have qualified me for admission to a top rated college, I shall begin my report by paraphrasing a deep thought of Karl Marx written in ■ book I glanced through recently: "The desire of capitalists to conserve cash is the big thing that will make their system collapse from inner rotteness."

Since Karl Marx was ■ known Communist with a beard and long hair of the type Dad hates, I have assumed the patriotic task of putting all but \$8.45 of my money back into circulation in the year just ended. I feel sure Dad would have wanted it that way, if he could only understand that I am just striving to help him fight off the Red Menace.

However, we now enter 1975 with the family again falling into the trap of Kremlin schemers by preparing to enroll me at tuition-free Inner City Junior College instead of dipping into capitalist savings to send me to Fraternity State. Let all God fearing Flaxbenders devoutly pray that this reactionary plan may yet be changed, especially since a couple of coeds at Fraternity State are already expecting me there.

On other matters of significance for fiscal 1974, I point with pride to my vastly enlarged record collection, my guitar amplifier purchase, and my proven talent for faking affluence on less than \$20 a week. These accomplishments have done much to prevent the world from learning that my father's financial policies are hastening the day of the Marxist revolution in America.

With deepest alarm,
Bertram (Sonny) Flaxbender
Eldest Son & Logical Heir



ENTERPRISING JOB SEEKER. Sonny frequently put in long hours poring over Help Wanted column in desperate search for work. Unfortunately, ■ ads ever appeared for film critics, Geeks or apprentice bongo drummers.

SIDIARY DIVISIONS

This Year's Comment From Martha Jean

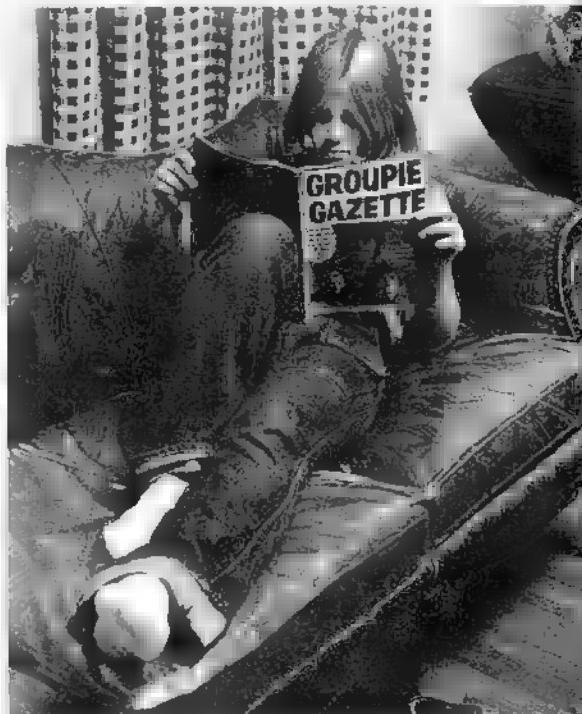
As the family spokesperson for exploited young womanhood everywhere, I tragically report that I sacrificed all my chances for future happiness in 1974 in order to save Daddy ■ few paltry dollars which he could well afford. This disaster was achieved by: (1) Not going to Daytona Beach with the crowd for spring vacation; (2) Letting another whole winter pass without even learning how to ski, and (3) Simply staying home while Wanda Warthberger went up to the lake the very same week that Roger Newby was there.

Although locking myself in my room to cry my eyes out probably pleased Daddy because it didn't cost him any money, this department thinks it's short sighted to raise a charming daughter who will now have to spend her entire life as an old maid librarian or an old maid nun. It was this very same lack of vision by parents that caused them to start World War II when they were my age.

Despite having no future to look forward to, this division continued to contribute greatly to family income in 1974 by baby sitting on at least four occasions, knitting almost half a sweater to save on the clothes budget and, as previously indicated, not having any dates with Roger Newby which might have entailed going Dutch.

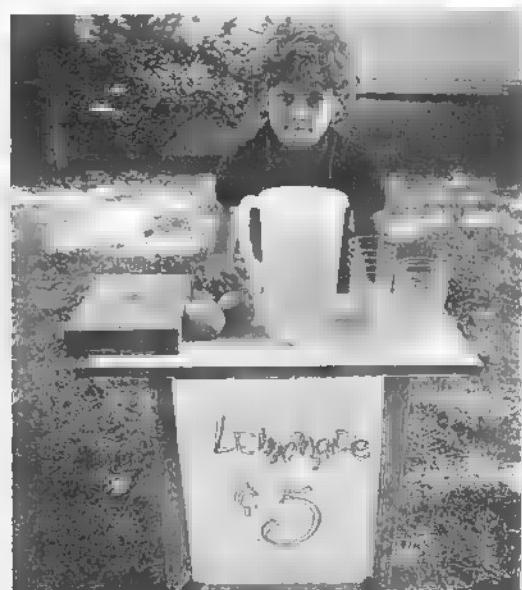
In the year ahead, I plan to write either a novel or a sonnet based on my tragic life, which I will then sell for a lot of money to make Mom and Daddy aware of the fact that I exist as a person.

Very courageously yours,
Martha Jean Flaxbender
Chief Unappreciated Individual



MARTHA JEAN PUTS UP BRAVE FRONT. Pictured here reading a fan magazine bought with her own money, the Flaxbenders' lovely daughter consoles herself with the knowledge that many gorgeous male recording stars also came from underprivileged homes and backgrounds.

Leonard Theodore Speaks Out Financially



ENTERPRISING LEONARD THEODORE is shown here operating summer vacation lemonade stand which contributed almost 35¢ to family income, not counting cost of 48 lemons, 2 lb. sugar and 5 broken glasses.

I didn't spend hardly anything on anything last year, excepting for things which were very important. Like the five-dollars which all the kids in Miss Runk's home room had to bring for Xmas pageant costumes, and which Miss Runk said was very important because without the five dollars, we couldn't show how much we love the Baby Jesus. Daddy thought this was important, too, because when I told him I needed five-dollars, the first thing he said was, "Sweet Baby Jesus!"

Also, five-dollars isn't hardly anything compared to what Stanley Zimmerman's father plans to spend. He is only a City Councilman, which probably doesn't pay much, but he came to home room one day and told us how he wants to spend a couple of million dollars on a new playground for our school. That is much more than five-dollars, although Stanley Zimmerman says his father also owns a company that builds playgrounds, so he will probably get one wholesale.

Except for my Baby Jesus money, I didn't spend hardly anything on anything. Only just for popsicles which now cost five-cents more but are smaller, even though Daddy doesn't give me any more money to buy them than he did when they cost five-cents less and were bigger.

Which is mainly why my main financial plan for 1975 is that I plan to ask for a dollar a week allowance instead of fifty-cents, and also plan to hold my breath until my face turns black and I die if I don't get it.

Love,
Leonard Theodore Flaxbender
Cub Scout ■ Grade 3 Eraser Monitor

Statement Of 1974 Income & Expenses

INCOME:

Gross earnings by Dad (Before extraordinary losses)	\$ 21,658.00
Extraordinary losses (See Footnote 1)	125.00
Net earnings by Dad after extraordinary losses	\$ 21,533.00
Total receipts, Sonny's Lawn Mowing Service	32.75
Total receipts, Martha Jean's baby sitting	46.00
Contents of ladies' purse found by Leonard Theodore. (See Footnote 2)	14.00
Estimated gross value of trading stamps saved by Ethel	18.00
Less cost of extra gas needed to shop only at stores that give stamps	16.90
Net value of trading stamps saved by Ethel in 1974	1.10
Cash received for 1973 Christmas gifts from Grandma and Grandpa returned to store in early 1974	52.50
TOTAL INCOME	\$ 21,679.35

EXPENSES:

Food and beverages (See Footnote 3)	\$ 3,148.15
Payments on house	1,200.00
Mortgage interest payments on house	2,986.18
Insurance on house	480.00
Repair work on house	644.00
Upkeep on house	538.25
Cost of unsuccessful ad to try to sell house	13.80
Children's medical care, clothing and other extravagances	2,177.30
New billiard table for game room and other necessities	1,485.00
Overhead expenses, Sonny's Lawn Mowing Service	149.00
Overhead expenses, Martha Jean's baby sitting	262.00
Cleaning and laundry (See Footnote 4)	587.95
Outrageously priced muskrat coat purchased by Ethel	800.00
Razor blades, bridge tolls & misc. (See Footnote 5)	2,116.00
Cost of having this Annual Report printed and distributed in order to get a little peace and quiet	350.00
TOTAL EXPENSE BEFORE TAXES	\$ 16,937.63
TAXES (Federal, state, property & sewer)	4,741.67
TOTAL EXPENSE AFTER TAXES	\$ 21,679.30
EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENSES (1974 Net Profit)	\$.05

FOOTNOTES TO STATEMENT:

1. Extraordinary losses include very extraordinary loss of Dad's three aces to Ernie Glismer's full house on Feb. 7 costing family \$25, and extremely extraordinary loss of \$100 investment when Sure Thing Baby stumbled and fell out of the starting gate in the fourth Belmont on May 18.
2. Does not include \$100 fine levied after Judge ruled that Leonard Theodore found ladies' purse before lady let go of it.
3. Beverage figure includes money squandered on cola drinks

- by kids, but excludes Dad's investment in vintage gin as a hedge against inflation.
4. Cleaning and laundry total includes \$73 for cleaning yard and laundering windows after Sonny retired from household chores to devote full time to making out.
5. Miscellaneous expense includes Dad's \$1,200 Las Vegas vacation to recover from shock of Ethel's \$200 muskrat coat purchase.

Consolidated Family Balance Sheet

TOTAL ASSETS AS OF DEC. 31, 1974

Cash in bank	\$ 638.14
Cash in pockets and old coffee can	51.30
Cash under sofa cushions	0.35
House at current market value	19,500.00
Household furnishings & appliances at present re-sale value	1,624.00
1966 Buick automobile	775.00
Martha Jean's prospects for marrying a millionaire. (Computed on basis of million-to-one odds against it)	1.00
Potential earnings by Dad before he goes on Social Security. (21 years @ \$20,000 per year)	420,000.00
Postage stamps on hand16
TOTAL ASSETS	\$442,590.45

TOTAL LIABILITIES AS OF DEC. 31, 1974

Theft of cash by Martha Jean's boy friend from old coffee can and under sofa cushions	\$ 16.35
Unpaid balance on house	17,210.00
Unpaid balance on household furnishings & appliances. (Including interest and carrying charges)	2,918.70
Depreciation on family-owned 1966 Buick incurred during Sonny's smash-up	750.00
Depreciation on non-family-owned 1973 Pontiac, 1971 Yamaha and 1972 Dodge police car incurred during Sonny's smash-up	7,225.00
Potential cost of supporting Sonny until he goes on Social Security. (48 years @ \$10,000 per year)	480,000.00
Owed to Leonard Theodore by the tooth fairy25
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$508,120.30

INDEPENDENT ACCOUNTANT'S REPORT

Having glanced over all these figures thrown at me by the Flaxbenders (a Delaware family), I can positively state that I guess they probably may be okay.

I mean this stuff is nothing like the examples printed in our text for Bookkeeping II where all the figures come out right at the end and like that. But as Mr. Flaxbender explained to me, it's easy to get numbers to come out right when you're just making them all up to put in a textbook, and don't have to pay any attention to how things

would have come out if they had actually happened to real people.

That seems to make sense. Besides, these are all Mr. Flaxbender's figures, and if he isn't worried about getting them to come out right, I don't see why I should get upset.

In addition, he told me that everything in here conforms with accounting procedures that are normal for him, so I guess that means the whole thing probably may be okay.

Bryce Watermouse
Fairly Independent Box Boy &
Very Independent Undergraduate Accountant

FLAXBENDER

A NAME TO BE A LOT MORE RESPECTED ■ THE FUTURE



Frequent vow by Ethel's doddering, infirm parents that "Someday this will all be yours!" prompts management to envision a solvent, worry-free fiscal status by 1977.



Leonard Theodore, fortunately unaware that Presidential wage guidelines don't apply to his allowance, is warned that seeking an increase will prompt Ford to come get him. This lie will save the family about \$3.00 per year.

Despite past difficulties in bringing capital outlay into phase with net receipts, your leadership remains confident that brighter long range prospects can eventually result in acquisitions that will be the envy of the neighbors. This projected status turn-around could begin as early as the fiscal third quarter of 1975, especially if Sonny and Martha Jean get off their duffs and land summer jobs once school lets out.

Looking further into the future, a management study of actuarial tables reveals that Ethel's parents are due to wheeze their last gasp sometime between late 1976 and early 1977. The resulting juicy inheritance will go far toward putting the family on Easy Street. Plans for the long awaited flake-out already have been made, and call for the Flaxbenders' prompt entry into such diverse activities as yachting, summer cottage acquisition, and possibly even maid hireage. This forthcoming show of affluence obviously will raise the stock of the entire family in the eyes of such neighbors as those loud mouthed Flanagan down on the corner, who are forever bragging about their fat, sissy kid attending Dartmouth.

Holding even greater future promise is Dad's brilliant plan for quitting his job to buy ■ Pizza Paradise franchise. With Ethel manning the oven to cut overhead expense, the sale of as few as 3,000 pepperoni and mushroom specials each week could produce wealth undreamed of, even by those loud mouthed Flaganans down on the corner.

To summarize, your trusted leader feels strongly that past family performance should be ignored in assessing future potential. This will be especially true if our rich relatives in Omaha come through with a requested loan to tide us over until Ethel's parents finally conk out. Such brilliantly conceived financial transactions have made Flaxbender a name to be reckoned with in the neighborhood before, and can do so again.



Dad admires Pizza Paradise outlet similar ■ the one he soon hopes to open and reap fabulous profits. New franchises are still available for only \$10,000, excluding minor costs of building, equipment, supplies and labor.



Ethel's contribution to coming affluence will be a color TV set, due when she saves another 216½ books of trading stamps. At present rate of collecting, the family can look forward to watching the 1989 World Series in living color.



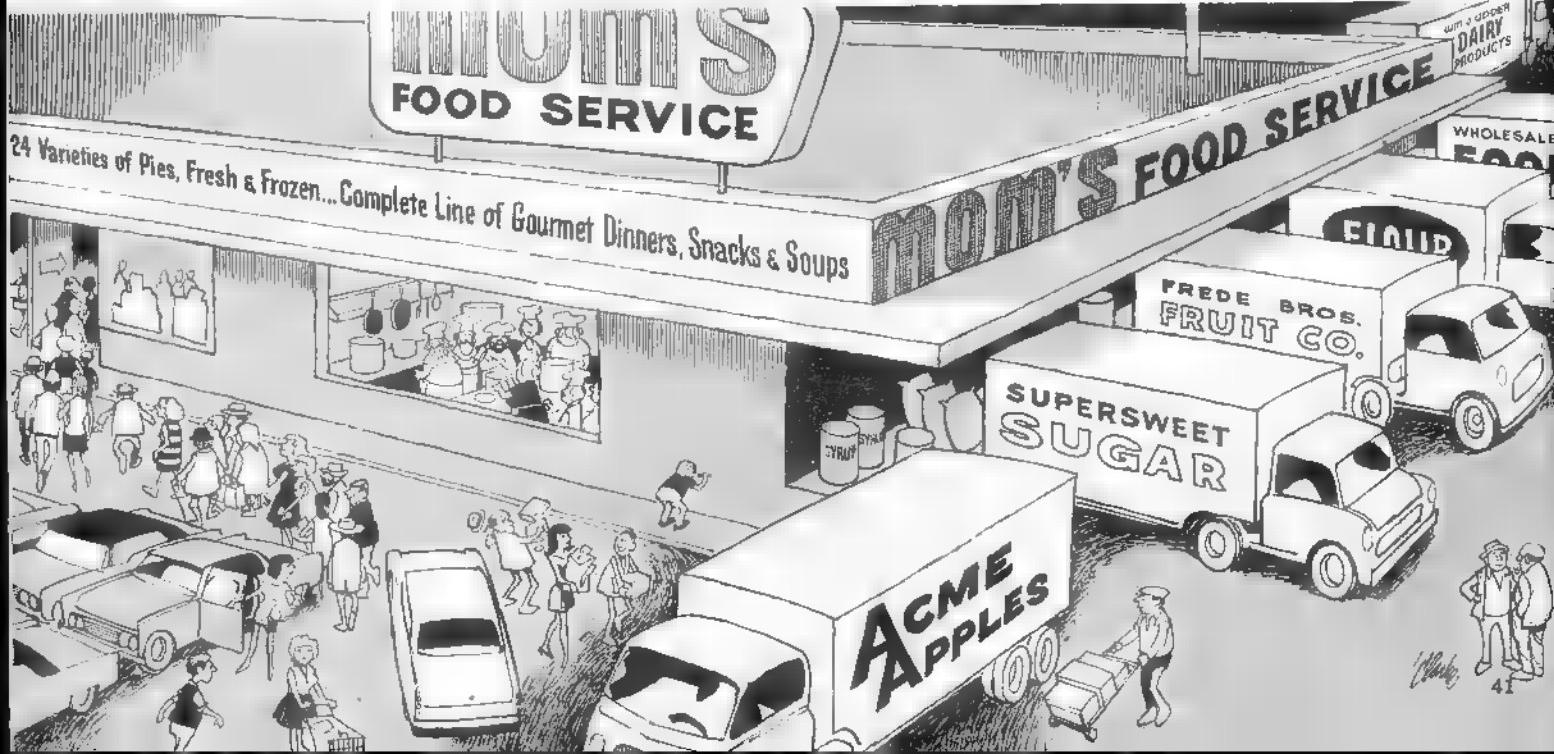
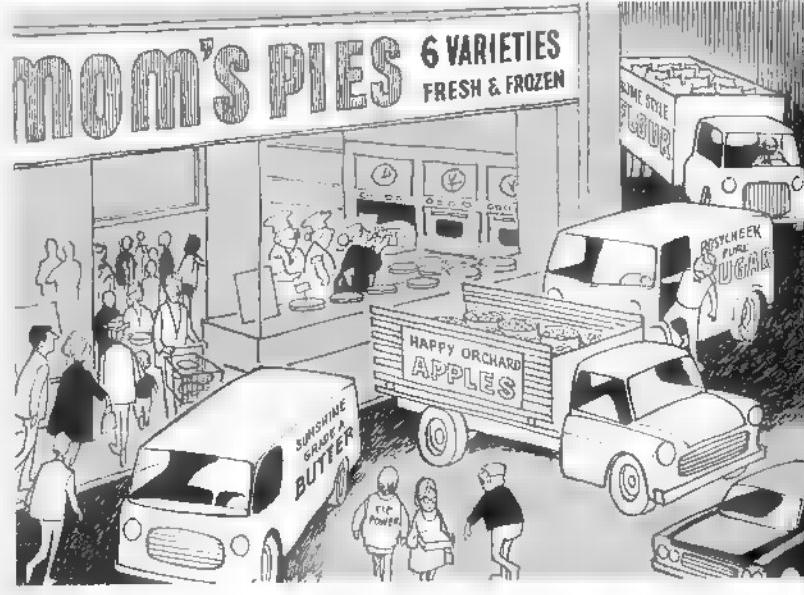
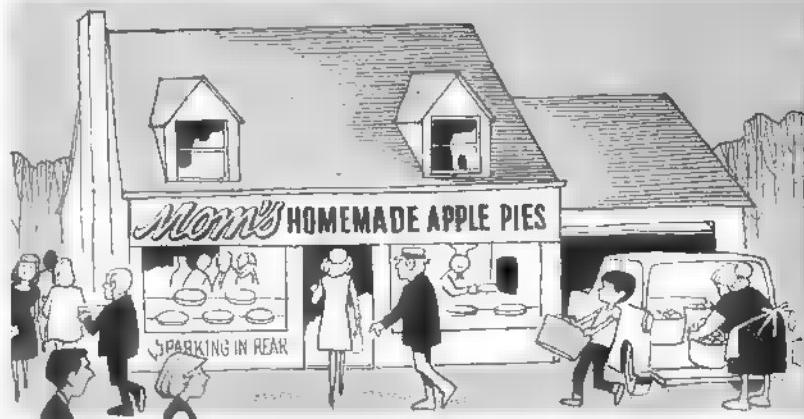
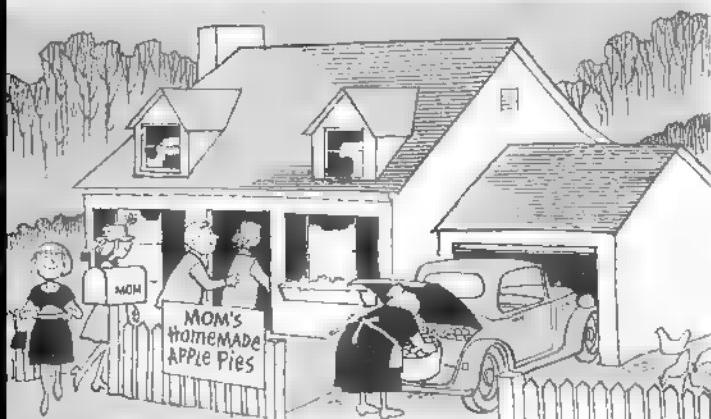
Hopeful sign for the future is Sonny's admiration (shown here) for Family Doctor W. Pritchard's new Rolls Royce. Sonny has learned that by working his way through Med School he too could charge high fees and buy a Rolls.

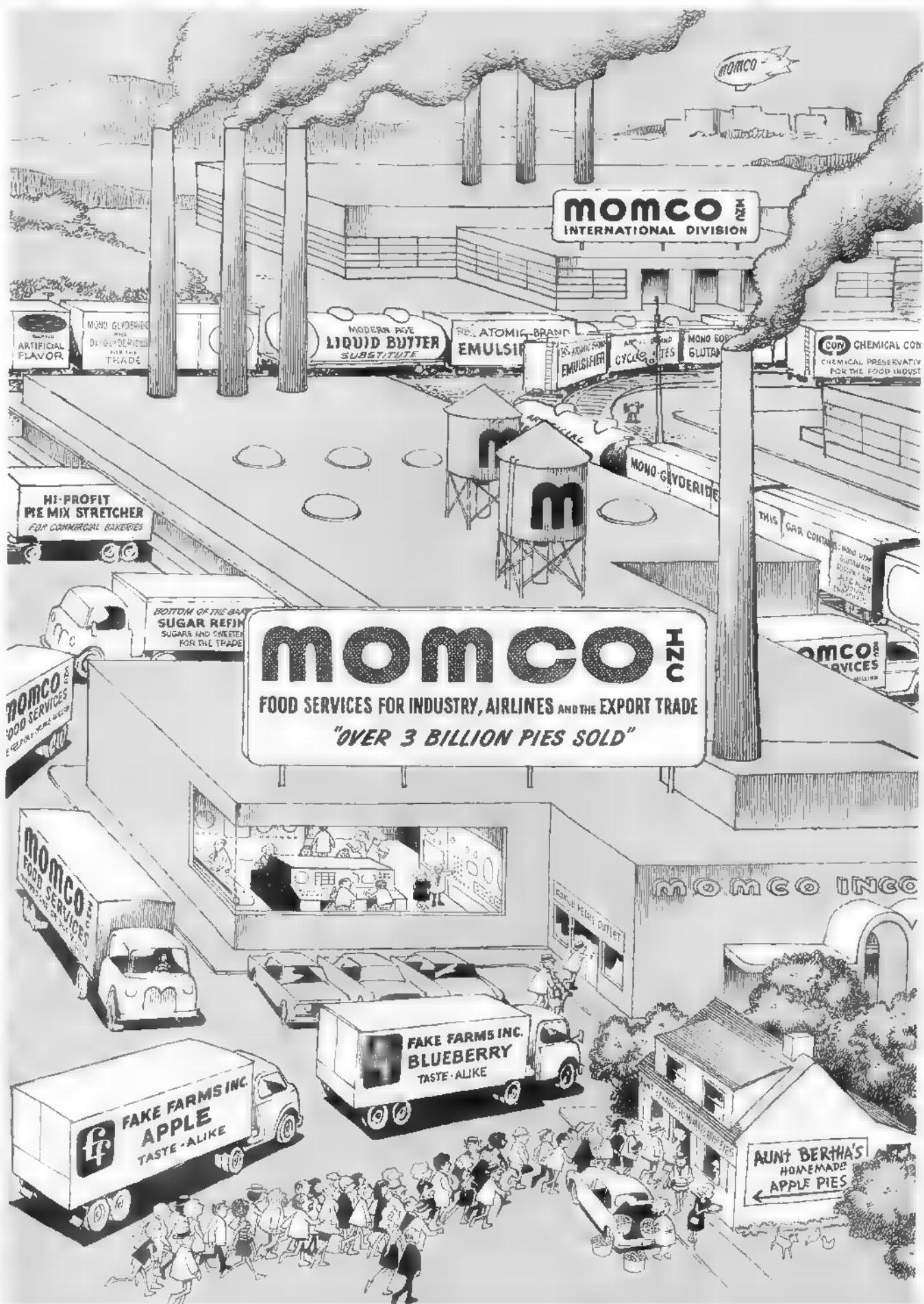
INFERIORITY COMPLEX DEPT.

A MODERN BUSINESS SUCCESS STORY

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





PUTTING ON THE "TELLY" DEPT.

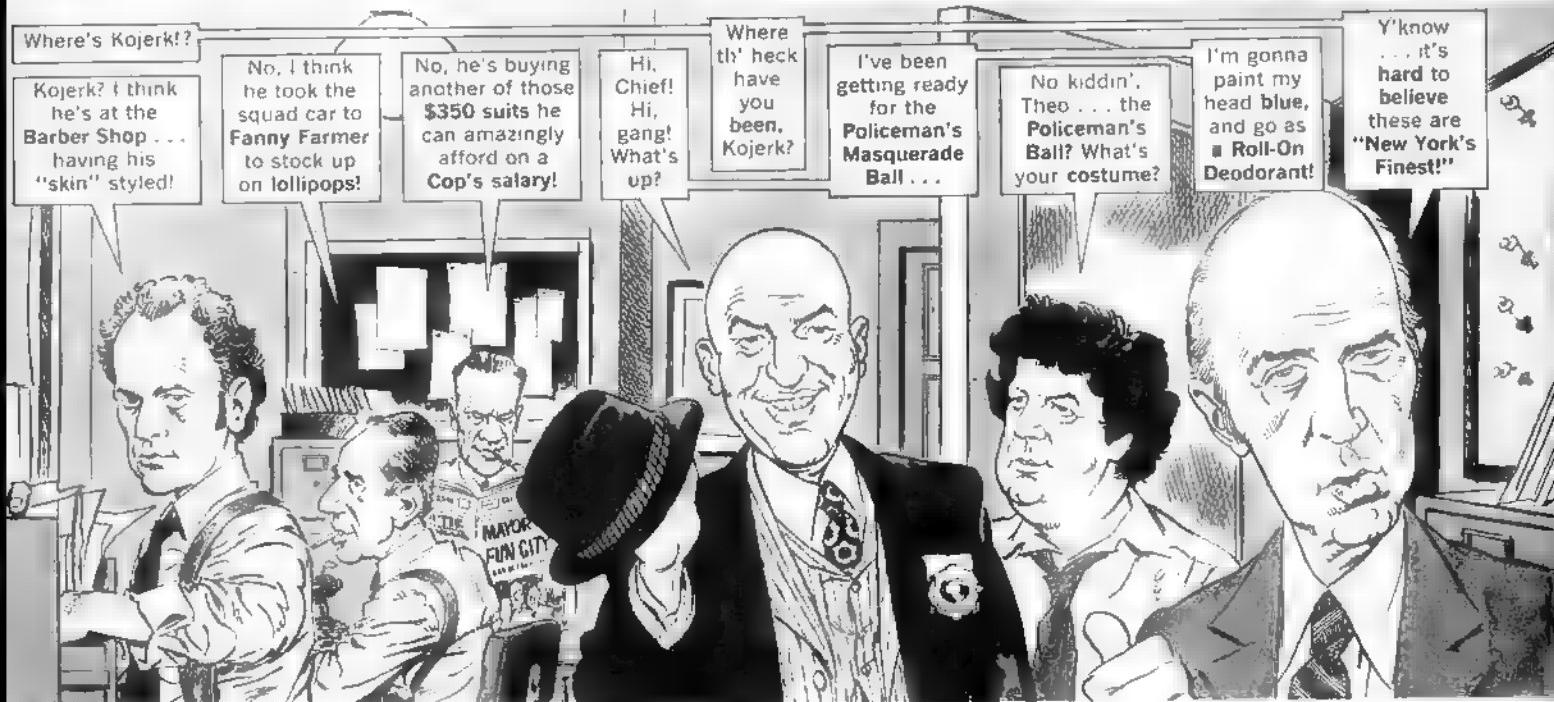
One of the silliest trends on TV the past few seasons has been "The Ethnic Detective Show." We've had Banaceck, Kodiak, Kolchak, Nakia...and one guy who's become the top-rated TV Cop of them all. Yes, we're talking about that charismatic, burly Greek with the cute mannerisms and the gleaming skull. So, lower the "brightness" in your room, and get ready for MAD's version of . . .

KOJERK



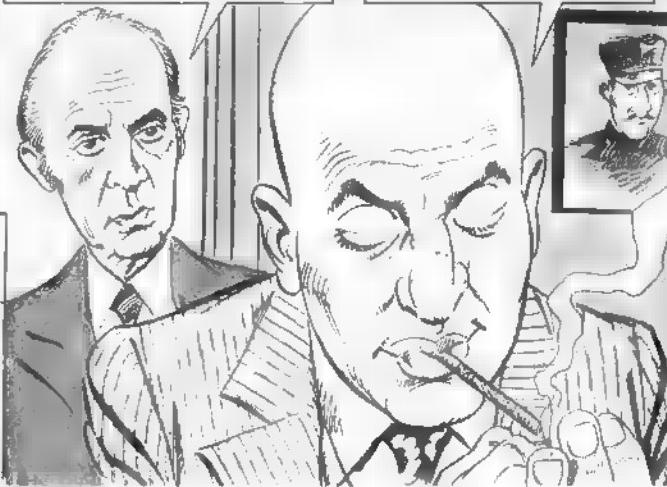
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN



Kojerk, the Department's been getting complaints about you! You've been roughing up our suspects a little too much!

C'mon, Chief! I only lean on 'em if they give me any lip, or if they committed some atrocious crime!



I'm in a very, very ugly mood!

Gee, Kojerk is really mad! What did the guy do?

Petty theft . . .

All THAT for petty theft?!? He stole Kojerk's lollipops!!

We better stop it!! Kojerk may kill him!!

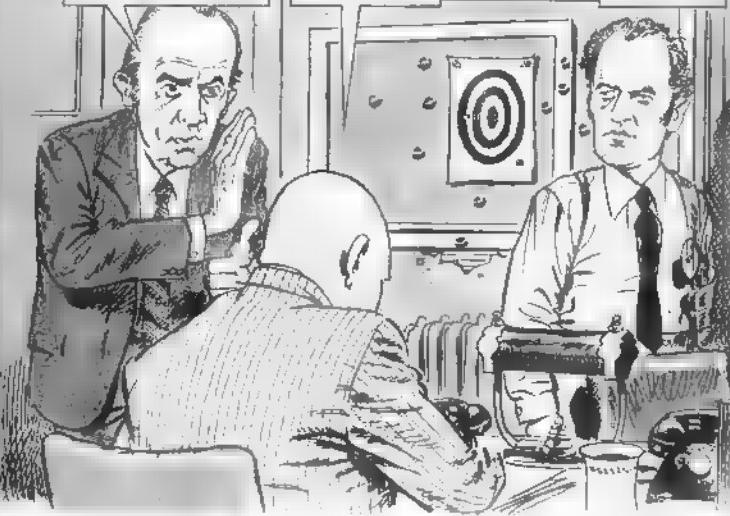


Let's get down to business, Kojerk! We've got a dead man on our hands!

Don't tease me! Show me the body!

It's your assistant! Cracker!

Aw, he's not dead! He's just very bland!



So I'm NOT a 250-pound Greek "Mr. Clean!" And I'm NOT a reject from a "Marty Allen Look-Alike Contest!" I'm just a simple, ordinary guy with an average haircut!

Okay! Okay! Don't be sore! I guess there's gotta be ONE freak on every Police Force!

Hey, you guys! It's Friday night in "Fun City!" Better get out and start cruisin'!



Okay, I'm Lt. Kojerk . . . Manhattan South! What's the problem?

This man's been shot!

Where was he shot?
On 63rd Street!

That's Manhattan NORTH!! We can't help you!

Kojerk's the most dedicated Cop I know . . . but only below 50th Street!



Well . . . what have we here?

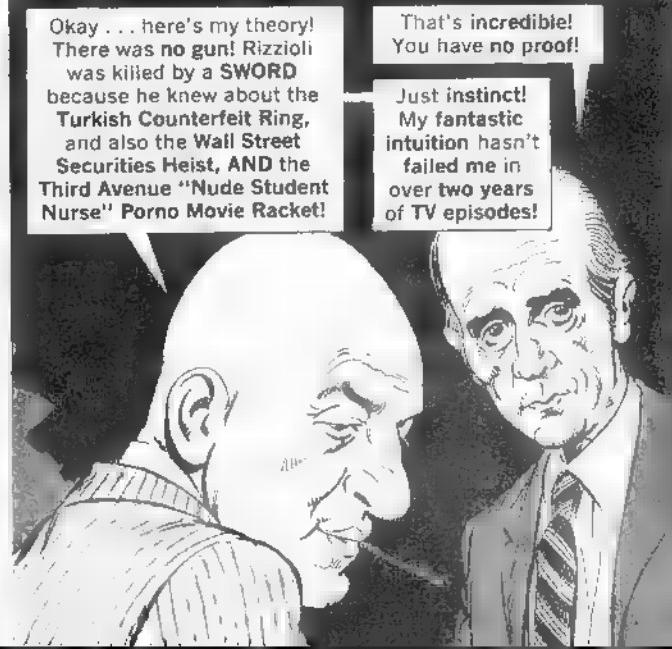
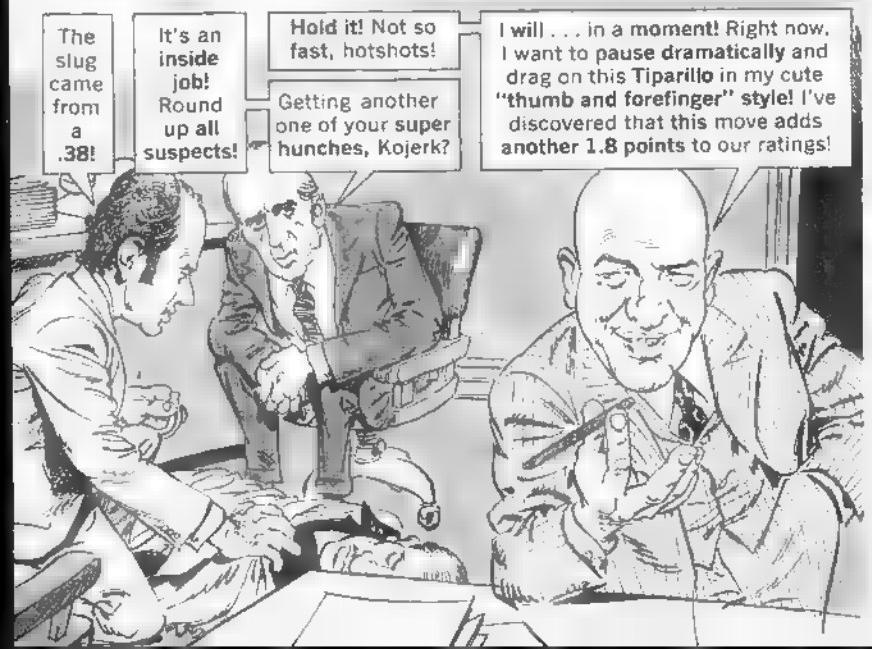
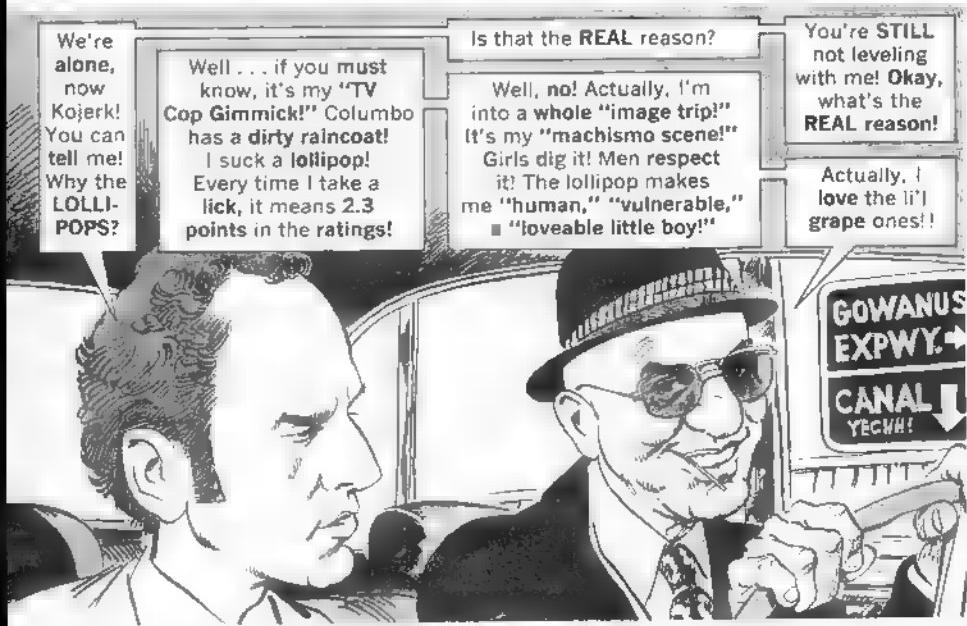
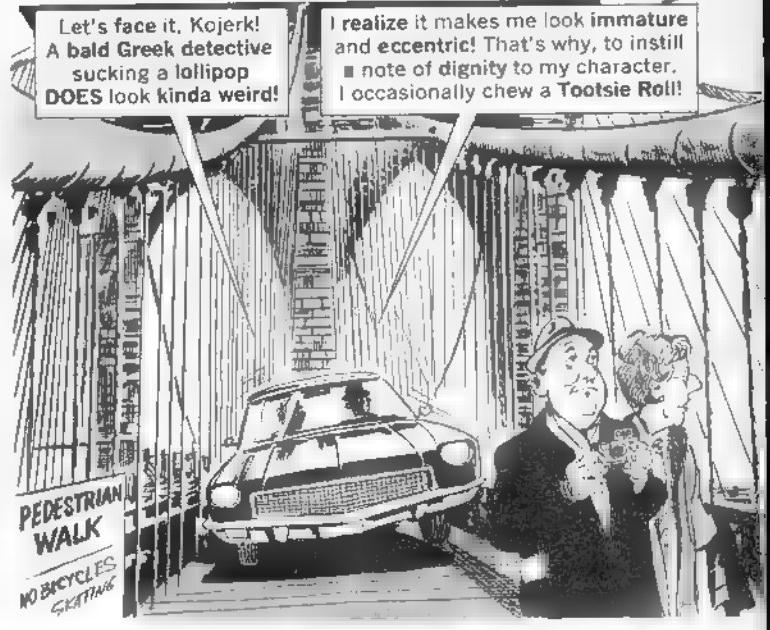
That's Manhattan WEST! A little out of my area!

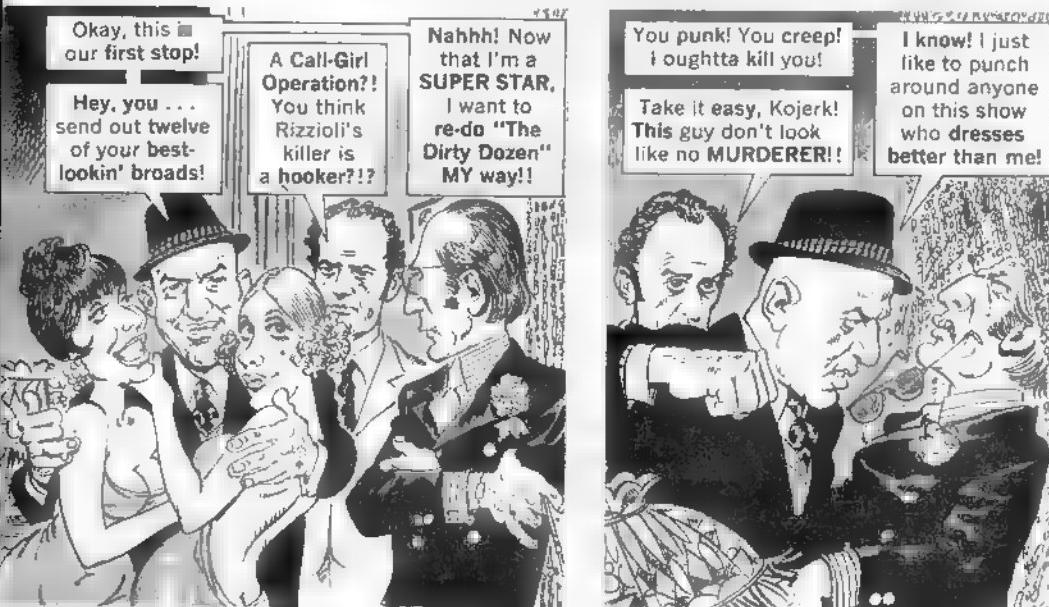
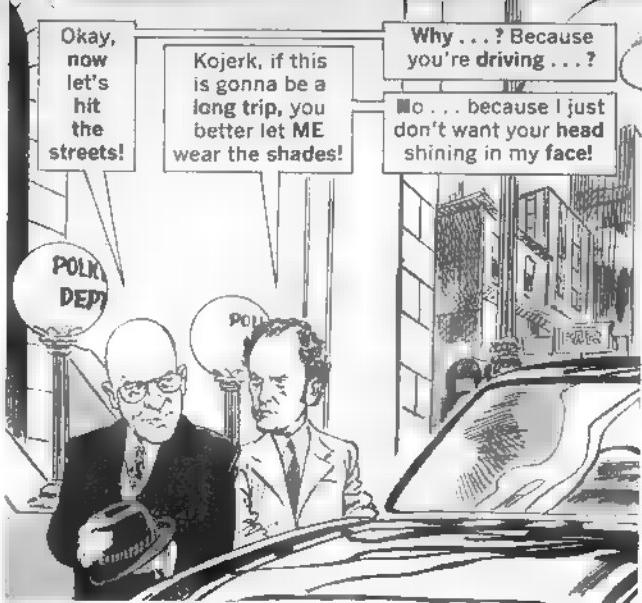
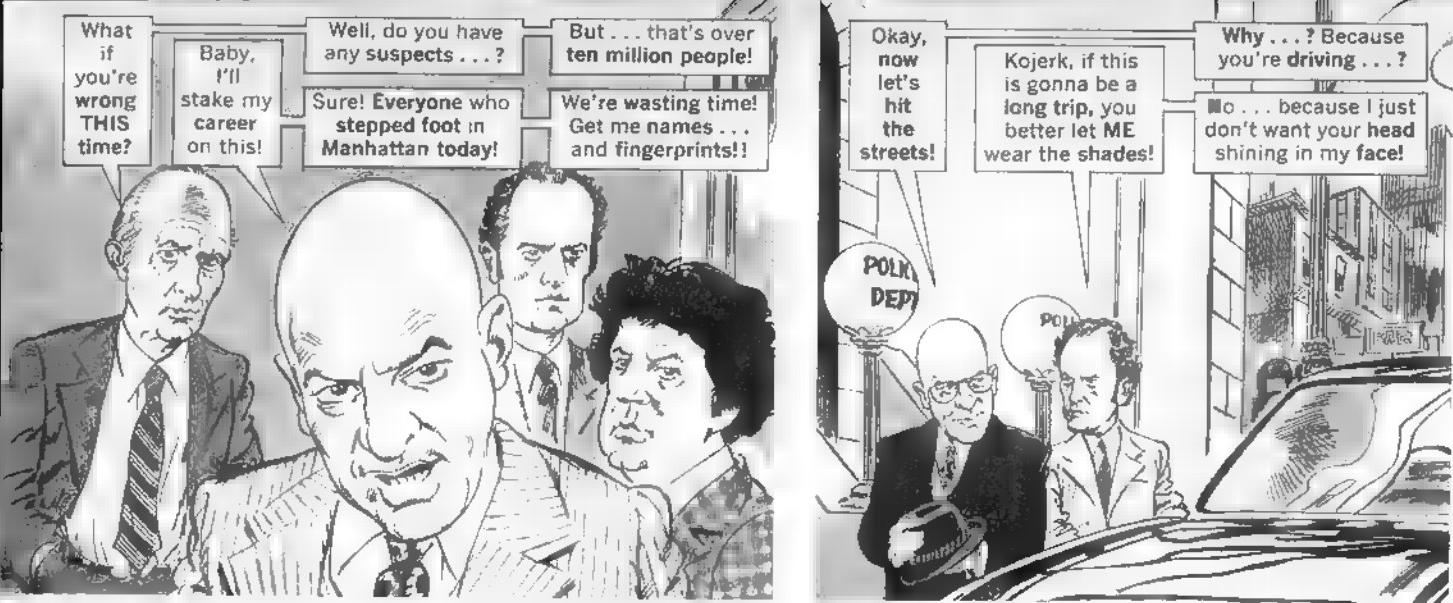
I'm an out-of-towner, from San Francisco!

But my pocket was picked HERE! I had six hundred dollars in cash on me!

A little warning, Mister! Never carry cash in New York! Always carry American Express Travelers Checks!







What happened? Any luck?

Well, I didn't find the killer, but I think the disguise worked pretty good!

I didn't even mind being rolled down the "gutter!" But coming through the "return ball" chute was murder!

Whew! After that, I need a break!

Hi! YOU'RE my break!

Well, it's true in MY case! But it's frightening to think that Don Rickles could be more in demand at an orgy than Robert Redford!

It must be great to be bald! Imagine ... no brushing ... no messy shampoos ... no frizzies!

Yeah ... there's less hair to comb! But then again, there's more face to wash!

SHEEPSHEAD BAY LANES

BOWLING LEAGUES NOW BEING FORMED



Kojerk ... how come you're always dating Police Women ... ?

I like taking the Law into my own hands!

Well, I'm off to the Statue of Liberty! I'm gonna slap her around a little! I think the Lady of Steel knows a lot more than she's telling, an I'm gonna—

I'm afraid it's too late for your crazy hunches, Kojerk! We've found our murderer!

You—you have? Who is it ... ?

STAYFROZE! Those plants he's been growing for two years were Marijuana! Rizzioli found out about it, and Stayfroze killed him! So it turns out Stayfroze is the "heavy" in this story!

He's not the heavy! He's my Brother!



(—I can't believe it! Kojerk, the great Greek detective ... unable to solve a lousy crime!

Not exactly, Kojerk! We still have a place for you on the Force ...

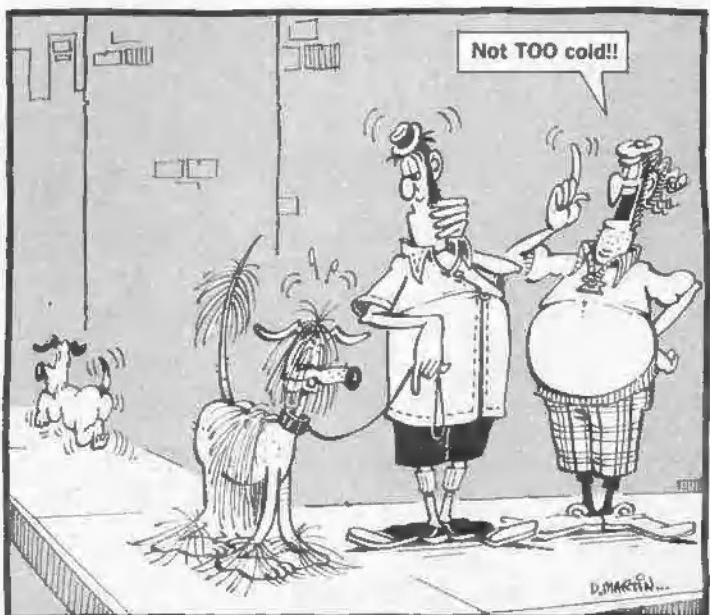
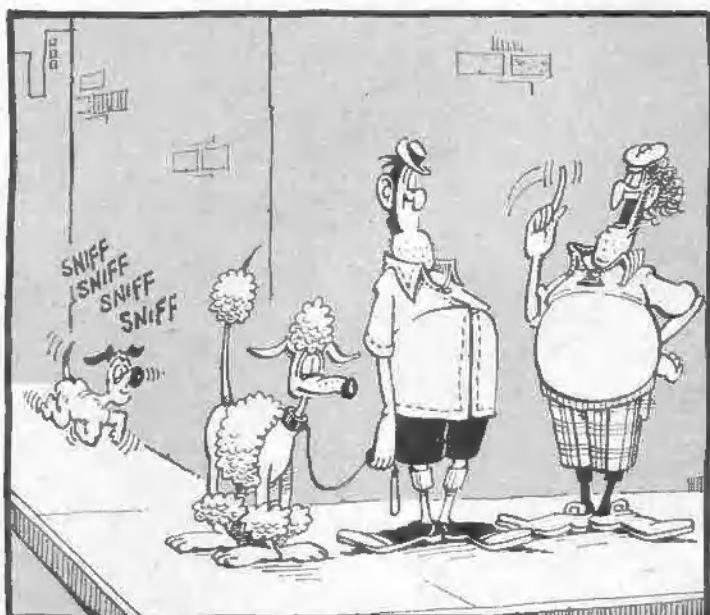
I guess this means I'm all washed up, eh, Chief ... ?

Pardon me ... but is this the Manhattan South Police Station?

S'matter, Creep? Can't you READ??



ONE TUESDAY AFTERNOON ON WEST MAIN STREET



**WHAT IS THE
ONE DRIVING
HAZARD THAT
AUTO MAKERS
ARE ALMOST
POWERLESS
TO REMOVE?**

**HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN**

For the past few years, tremendous pressure has been exerted on our nation's auto manufacturers to eliminate the unsafe elements in their cars. But no matter how hard they try, there is one cause of nasty accidents that they can't remove! To find out what it is, fold in the page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**DRAMATIC SAFETY FEATURES HAVE RESULTED IN SHRUNKEN
HIGHWAY CASUALTY LISTS. AND YET, ONE
DREADED CURSE TURNS OUR ROADS INTO BLOODY RIVERS**

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A►

◀B

WHAT IS THE ONE DRIVING HAZARD THAT AUTO MAKERS ARE ALMOST POWERLESS TO REMOVE?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ► B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



DRUNKEN

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

DRIVERS
A ► B

WHO GOES UP... MUST COME DOWN!

PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING SCHILD

